

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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FEMALE GENIUS.

BY PROFESSOR WENTWORTH.

"Is the intellect of woman susceptible of as high a degree of cultivation as that of man?" is a question that was doubtless discussed in the debating clubs of the antediluvians. It will be decided only when the sexes shall have been placed upon equal footing in privileges and responsibilities for centuries. Ages on ages have asserted the natural inferiority of woman. What changes might not be wrought, could female advancement be relieved from the crushing pressure of opinions generated in the midst of polygamy and patriarchal rule! Every age has produced prodigies of female genius. In every country woman has surmounted adamantine prejudice, conquered conventional restraints, and asserted her claims to inspiration and power. Is she equal to the task of conducting the affairs of state? Semiramis rises before us, with her half-fabulous prodigies of empire-founding, war, and state politizing. Mighty Babylon, the wonder of the world, less a city than a country inclosed with towering walls, with its hundred brazen gates and its hanging gardens, attests her greatness; while thousands of conquered Lybians, Ethiopians, and Indians confirm her capabilities for political and state supremacy. The diplomacy and accomplishments of the intriguing, captivating Cleopatra, learned in ten languages, the conqueror of one of the stern world-conquerors, that "dazzling piece of witchcraft," at once commanding and unfortunate, are during monuments of strength and versatility. Need we strengthen our point by dwelling on the genius of the unfortunate pupil of Longinus, the proud and beautiful queen of proud and beautiful Palmyra, the victim of the wrath of a stern conqueror—the golden-fettered captive of the robber Aurelia—Zenobia?

For the last five centuries Europe has been a theater for the display of consummate female ability. The capacity of woman is illustrated in the history of every throne there. Italy and the fourteenth century furnished the Joannas, distinguished alike for misfortune, learning, and political skill.

The genius not less than the benevolence of a woman gave to the world a new continent. Ferdinand, with his eyes fixed on the rebellious Moors of Grenada, was intent solely on the subjugation of those who had replied to his insolent demand for tribute, that their mint "coined nothing but cimeter blades and heads of lances." In his anxiety for the conquest of a beggarly kingdom, he would have sacrificed a hemisphere. It was Isabella who, when the disappointed Genoese captain turned his course homeward in despair, sent after him a mule, and a message, and a suit of clothes. Her jewels were freely pledged to defray the expenses of a voyage as chimerical to all around her as Symmes's expedition to the pole, or the project of balloon navigation to the moon. The name of the unfortunate truant of Lochleven, with all its romantic and tragical associations, is by no means the mere watchword of commiseration. It suggests power, learning, genius, and will, which, if they could have been fostered under more favorable circumstances, might have been of signal benefit to her nation and race. When had England, if we except the Protectorate, a half century of more prosperous rule than under the selfish, conceited, arbitrary, and arrogant daughter of the great Henry, who took the crown from the brow of her sanguinary sister, to place it over a brain revolving schemes scarcely less bloody; who began life with the butchery of Jane Grey, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and cursed its close with the murder of another of her sex, upon whom Heaven had been more lavish of personal attentions than upon herself; whose public parsimony reared no monuments to her own or her nation's glory, but whose private self-conceit left three thousand gowns in her wardrobe? If the troublous reign of the simple Anne throws no additional light upon our subject, it shall at least furnish us one illustration of a character of which thousands might be afforded. The intrigue of a single woman of the bed-chamber overthrew the conqueror of Europe at the head of his own armies—a modern parallel to the celebrated case of Demosthenes, of whom it was said, what he had been a whole year in erecting, a woman overturned in a single day. Shall we here instance

the masculine Christina, the masculine daughter of the mighty Gustavus, with her masculine knowledge, at fourteen, of Homer and Thucydides; her masculine dress, oaths, dirty hands, boots, caps, and pantaloons; with her famous contests with foolish old popes, and her more creditable conquests of heroes and kings? Shall Austria confirm our position, with her Maria Theresa—no *very* remarkable woman, yet a good governor and a skillful politician, who found time to attend to all the affairs of state and bring her husband sixteen children—who was at once the statesman, the mother, and the religious devotee? Russia furnishes its example of womanly ambition and imperial sway in the person of the romantic, warlike, bloody Catherine, only equalled in ambition by her own favorite, the Princess of Dashkoff, President of the Imperial Academy by Imperial order, and yet aspiring to quit the monotony of academic shades to become colonel of a corps of Imperial life-guards. "If," said the great Frederic, "several women have obtained deserved celebrity—Semiramis for her conquests, Elizabeth of England for her political sagacity, Maria Theresa for her astonishing firmness of character—to Catherine alone may be given the title of female lawgiver."

Though the Salic law has operated to keep woman from the direct occupancy of the Gallic throne, yet France is by no means to be excluded from our list of witnesses. The horrible Catherine de Medicis, the crazy Joan of Arc, and the accomplished heroine of a well-known modern tale of talent and suffering, all tend to show the power of development of which the sex is capable.

Is it urged that we have no Euclids or Archimedes, no Angelos or Tassos, no Racines or Shakspeares, no Newtons or Laplaces, among the fair? And why not? The same ambition that guided the famous coalition between Austria and France by which Europe was deluged with blood, the same ambition that placed two-thirds of unfortunate Poland in the grasp of two female sovereigns as powerful, if not as unprincipled, as the male party to the godless spoliation, had it been differently directed, might have led to acute analyses and profound discovery. To want of opportunity, rather than to native incapacity, may be attributed, doubtless, the paucity of works displaying the highest reaches of female intellect. Since the days of the creation has the lord of that creation arrogated the sole ability to make and execute laws, to establish schools of philosophy, and to shroud in mystery, which woman might not penetrate under penalty of death, his doctrines and teachings. What Alfred ever founded a college for females? What country in the world at this hour boasts a female college of decided character, with its board of female professors and fellows, its full academic courses and high academic honors? When the few infant institutions of this character now struggling into existence shall have reached successful prime or venerable and time-honored maturity, they will have

indicated the strength and capacity of those for whose benefit they were instituted. All that woman *has* done in the way of intellectual effort, she has done in *spite* of restraint. Man has snatched from the hand of his submissive counterpart the pen, the pencil, the graver, the lyre, and banished her to the loom, the nursery, the fireside—made her the instrument of the amusement of his leisure, and yet complains of her want of capacity! The masterly works by which Hannah More strove to raise her sex above the frivolous triflings to which it has been so long doomed, only purchased for her ridicule, and the odious epithet, "blue stocking," from the small-talking flirts and gallants of the last century.

The world has produced authoresses of during fame. Amid the spirit harmonies, wafted swelling and dying across the breezes of centuries, the strains of Sappho are distinctly heard. Nobly have Barbauld, and Hemans, and hosts of sister spirits, responded to the magic numbers, and filled the world with entrancing song. We can only allude to the literary labors and literary triumphs of the voluminous Edgeworth, the sweet Mary Howitt, mingling literary labors with the cares of a large family, the quiet Madame D'Arblay, the vulgar Madame Trollope, and the dashing Mrs. Gore.

The literature of our own country is young; yet our female writers have contributed largely to its growth and reputation. That prince of compilers, GRISWOLD, has filled a volume of some four hundred octavo pages with extracts from the poetesses of America. If we correctly translate the transcendentalism of his labored preface, he is doubtful as to the claims of woman to superiority; yet he accords to several "as high a range of poetic art as the female genius of any age or country can display." Madame SIGOURNEY, one of the oldest and most favorite of these, is no very great favorite with the critic; yet he avers, that "she has acquired a wider and more pervading reputation than many women will receive in this country." This deservedly popular authoress is a living illustration of the compatibility of extensive literary labors with domestic accomplishments, the conduct of the household, and the education of offspring. In a communication to the writer, inclosing for publication one of her own choice gems, she apologizes for its hasty structure, as it had been written at intervals snatched from the decidedly domestic employments of making "preserves for family use," and—shade of Esculapius!—"soups for a sick neighbor!"

The description of the scenes of her childhood wear the imperishable stamp of genius. They are indelibly associated with the brightest romances of the writer's own earlier years. We will close our present article with a few illustrative quotations.

"Sweetly wild

Were the scenes that charmed me when a child—
Rocks, gray rocks, with their caverns dark,
Leaping rills like the diamond spark,"

is a picture of the scenery amid which rose the huge stone chimneys of the old two-story red house, in which the infancy of the world-renowned poetess was cradled. Upon the lofty ledges of the foaming Yantic, at Norwich Falls, stood the authoress, in imagination, when she penned,

"Torrent voices thundering by,
When the pride of vernal floods swelled high;"

and piles of gray granite, interspersed with shrubbery and human abodes, the living picture of rocky, romantic Norwich, rise upon the fancy, as she images forth the

"Quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,
'Mid cliffs by the feathery foliage drest."

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

MRS. MARTHA E. KINCAID.

BY A PITTSBURGH ITINERANT.

WHAT changes a few years produce, and how much like a panorama of ever-varying pictures is the past! You look back, and memory brings them up, scene after scene—now with brilliant hues and picturesque groups, and anon with dark outlines and somber aspect—a saddening *chiaro oscuro*.

It was one Sabbath morning, as performing my accustomed duties in the Sabbath school, in the old church building, in the city of P., that I observed, in the first female class, an unfamiliar face—a new scholar. The class was composed of girls—of such members of our school as were just emerging from girlhood into womanhood—all nearly of one age. An occurrence such as this which I have mentioned, in a large and changing population as is that of most cities, was by no means remarkable, nor, indeed, would it ordinarily have made any very strong impression upon my mind, only that I saw a very marked attention on the part of her classmates, when it happened to be her lot to answer the question on the Scripture lesson. And the same interest might also be seen on the part of the teacher, as she bent forward, eager to catch every syllable of her fair pupil's answer. Thus having my attention drawn toward the—as yet to me—stranger, I soon felt very desirous to hear and see more of her; not that I perceived any extraordinary beauty of person or of feature—for I know not that in this respect she had any superiority over many of her companions—but there was a charm, a sweetness in her voice—a clearness in her expressed thoughts and ideas, not often to be met with in one so young. And then, too, in all her demeanor there was so much of quiet dignity, of modesty; her eyes beamed with so much of intelligence, her countenance was expressive of so much mildness and gentleness, with so much of that which renders woman lovely and dear to the thinking, intelligent mind, that being once seen,

having one's attention once directed to her, she became an object of deep and irresistible interest. On inquiry, I found that she was the pride, the comfort and solace, the daughter of a pious and widowed mother, whose delight it had been to educate and fit her to adorn any station which Providence might assign to her. When she entered our school, Martha Elina—for such was her name—was not a member of the Church; but some time after she found "the pearl of great price"—she obtained a knowledge of Him "who is the fairest among ten thousand"—"whom to know" aright "is life eternal."

It soon happened that a change of teachers became necessary, and, by the voice of her fellow-classmates, she was called upon to take charge of the class. Henceforth it was my lot to be on terms of greater intimacy with Elina; to hear her as she explained and enforced upon her attentive and admiring pupils, with earnest simplicity and pathos, the word of God—that word which alone, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, "is able to make wise unto salvation"—a salvation, the blessings of which she so deeply felt. To me it is something grand, ennobling, beautiful, to see one in the first bloom of womanhood, gifted with sparkling wit, intelligence, and grace, devoting her time, her talents to the interest of education, especially to that education whose end and aim it is to fit the ever-living soul for enjoyment in another and better world. How deep and heart-felt must be the piety, how strong, how ardent must be the love for the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge and truth which this work requires! For such a work as this was Elina peculiarly fitted. Her delight was to drink at the pure fountains of knowledge, to store her mind with the choicest thoughts of the most pure and chaste—the richest gems of the writers of the past. In conversation, from her own deep and meditative mind would she bring forth its treasures, and her vivid imagination, her warm, enthusiastic spirit, with kindling animation, would rouse in her companions corresponding emotions—would charm and delight the soul. How such a one adds to the attractions of the social circle! How cheerful the fireside where such congenial spirits meet in converse! How much is the absence of one of these gifted minds felt!

As was to be expected, Elina drew around her many admirers. The sprightly and gay, as well as the more sober and reflecting, were eager to pay their court. Of the latter class, there was one upon whom her eyes rested with peculiar favor and delight—for whom her heart was drawn out in all its depth of pure and holy love. It was no sudden and indiscriminating passion which was permitted to rage with destructive fury in her breast—it was not a flame fanned by the sickly sentimentality of novel or romance; but gentle and mild, as the zephyr of a summer's eve, as the dawns of friendship, it grew and increased in the bosom of each, as month after month of intimacy and social intercourse developed more and more the fitness of its

object. The "course of their true love" was even and uninterrupted. Here soul met with its congenial spirit; and, in the blissful enjoyment of reciprocated love, they lived only for each other. Each to each, they plighted their troth, and, at the appointed season, were united at the hymeneal altar. Their love, thus founded on mutual worth, did not become less when thus closely and indissolubly united; nay, rather, it continued to increase, to strengthen day by day. I knew by the cheerful countenance of the husband, as, after the business of the day was finished, he hastened away, that no frowning wife awaited him on the threshold, and it was clear that to him there was, indeed, "no place like home." How delightful to see them meet, with sparkling eye and joyous countenance welcoming each other! and it needed but a glance through the house to know that here was the habitation of peace, of joy, of happiness.

Duty at length called me from the city where they had taken up their residence, and, for a time, I consequently saw them but seldom; yet I often heard of them, and the continuance of their mutual happiness and prosperity. To the husband the domestic hearth became still more attractive; and the mother rejoiced to exhibit their infant William, and trace, in each lineament and feature, a miniature resemblance of his now proud and happy father.

But alas for human joys! The business in which the husband was engaged demanded his absence for a few weeks from his family, and with a heavy heart and sad forebodings he was compelled to leave his still weak and delicate wife and scarcely conscious child. I need not attempt to describe their mutual agony at this parting. They, and they alone, who have separated from all they loved best, can imagine and appreciate their feelings—alternating between hope and despair—racked with doubts and fears. How earnestly does the wife gaze after her departing husband, and listen to the echoes of his footsteps as they die away in the distance! and how lingering is the look which each one takes of the other! But he has gone; and she turns to her boy; and, though she drops a tear on its innocent face, in maternal care she strives to console and cheer her heart. But still how lonely she feels! "How I miss you!" said she, in her letter to him, "how I miss you! Every-where I turn or look I behold something to remind me of you, and sometimes I almost imagine I hear the fall of your dear feet on the stairs, coming to your wife and boy." Alas! Elina, never again wast thou to be conscious of hearing the echo of those feet. A relapse took place. She was prostrated by disease. The throne of reason was overthrown. Her husband was recalled on the first appearance of danger; and, with distress and anguish of mind, not knowing what awaited him, he hastened by the most rapid conveyance. He reached home only to behold the wreck of his fondest hopes—his most brilliant prospects. She whom he loved better

than his own life lies on the bed of death. How changed is she by the fearful ravages of disease! Can it be that this is the wife of his bosom? He calls her name; she lifts her eyes, now fast setting in death; she recognizes his voice—his face; she speaks; and then, after the lapse of a few short hours, beheld only the blanched, the lifeless remains of Martha Elina, the mother of his child, the wife of his youthful and only love.

I stood by the grave as her cold and inanimate clay was deposited therein; and, as I looked at the mourning, weeping assemblage of friends, her trembling and sorrow-stricken mother, her husband, almost crushed to earth, my mind involuntarily recurred to the last time I had seen her. She was then in the bloom of health, and rejoicing in the brightness of her hopes—the brilliancy of her prospects. No cloud had then arisen to darken the clear firmament. Alas! what a few months may bring forth! The budding hopes are nipped; the brilliant prospects are blighted—destroyed by the chilling hand of Death.

Thou hast passed away, Elina! Whither hast thou fled, sweet and pure spirit? To the bosom of our God—to the land of perennial joys. And there has already joined thee the cherub soul of little William. And thither, blessed spirit! he "whose house has thus been left desolate" is waiting to be called up. He who has taken thee, Elina, speaks thus to us, "Be ye also ready." Thou art enjoying thy reward; and may we, whom thou hast left behind, be found ready, worthy to rise, to wing our way, and enter the city of our God, and join thee among the redeemed of earth!

MY HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. SARAH TILTON.

Thou sleep'st beneath the forest fair,
Where wild flowers bloom above thy head—
Where warblers of the summer air
Chant sweetly o'er the silent dead.

I gladly turn from gayer scenes,
To meditate in this lone place,
And, in imaginary dreams,
Think I again behold thy face.

Thou bidd'st me check the tears which flow
In bitter drops; for thou art gone
Far, far from scenes of pain and woe—
In fairer realms thou hast thy home.

Thy spirit sighed for joy so pure,
That naught of earth its charms could bring;
Thou'st found a home that will endure,
Where disappointments never spring.

Rest sweetly, then, departed one;
Though sorrow rends this heart of mine,
Ere long, life's tedious journey run,
My spirit freed will seek out thine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER RAMBLES.

BY S. A. LATTIMORE.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE dawn of an August morning was just beginning to peep over the loftiest summits of the Green Mountains of Vermont, as our steamer bore away from the wharf of Burlington. It was a dark and lurid morning—ominous of a coming storm. Heavily the dense, massive banks of thunder-cloud went trailing slowly across our way, and from their dark recesses, ever and anon, plunged the glaring lightning down into the troubled waters before us. Westward, the distant hills of New York were dimly visible through their envelop of darkness and of gathering tempest. Only here and there might a faint outline be seen, but whether of mountain or of cloud was unknown. Eastward towered up the tall peaks of the Green Hills in spectral gloom, densely veiled in their mantle of storms. Around their tops began to play the electric fluid, leaping and sparkling from point to point, like the discharge of small arms before a battle, while the ear, in painful suspense, listens for the appalling crash and roar of the heavy artillery. It was a scene of indescribable grandeur. It was my realized ideal of a classic spot of which I had read in Homer's olden story. There, right before my own eyes, stood old Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa; and beneath that hovering cloud of battle warred Jupiter, the Thunderer, with his Titanic kinsmen, for the imperial dominion of the skies.

The Lake was in tumult. The waves came wildly tumbling, leaping toward us as if instinct with rage and fury. Our bark rode out upon the billows gallantly, and, veering round with her prow to the north, rushed boldly on, directly toward the point where the storm gathered thickest. As the vessel struggled with the heavy sea, sighs and even slight groans were occasionally audible, and the peculiar rocking motion seemed to affect some of our fellow-passengers very deeply. All these indications could not be deemed auspicious auguries of a very pleasant voyage down Lake Champlain, but we had traveled too far to feel like turning back at mere appearances. On we sped in our temerity and in our frailty.

At length, one by one, the heavy clouds began to drive away to the eastward before the wind, and the timid young day, which had seemingly paused in affright at the wrath of the elements, now began again to advance like another brighter dawn. Gradually the heaving tide grew calm, the boat skimmed along more steadily over the subsiding waves, the purity and elasticity of the air returned, and there was a general brightening up among all the affected sufferers.

Occasionally, across the glittering Lake, gleamed the morning sunlight through the broken clouds, relieving with soft and somber shadows the many fairy islands, so much admired by all voyagers

who sail on the blue waters of Champlain, and the gentle ripples, breaking along their perpendicular, wave-worn banks of solid rock, in pensive monotone, murmured a soothing lullaby to the quiescent elements. Over Champlain lingers a mellow tinge—a hazy serenity peculiarly its own. Around it stand the mighty, everlasting mountains; yet their rugged outline and riven crags, by a magical distribution of light and shade, are softened down to the tone of the finest mezzotint. A sky bends lovingly over it, such as we always imagine smiles upon the Hesperian Gardens, or upon the far-off Islands of the Blessed. A dreamy sensation falls upon the soul, which few locations inspire. I have felt it amid the scenery of the Susquehanna; and in a still higher degree while gazing, forgetful of all things else, upon that scene of more than Arcadian beauty—the lovely vale of the Neversink. This feeling, which all travelers have experienced, but none described, is the true, æsthetic sensation—the offspring of the purely beautiful.

Threading our devious way through that green archipelago, we saw, on some of the islands, the smoldering ruins of buildings, fired by the lightnings of the recent storm—Cyclopean altars sending up their dense smoke to propitiate the wrath of the storm-demon.

As we swept down the glassy bay of Plattsburg, fancy wafted me back to a bright and beautiful autumnal morning of the past, when, like a direful blot on that silvery sheet of water, lowered the black cloud of battle, far more fearful than the raging tempest which had just vanished before our eyes. On that spot, thirty-seven years before, had two contending navies met, and foe with foe-man struggled in mortal conflict. The engagement of the fleets was the signal for the attack upon the town. Fiercely raged the doubtful combat upon the water and upon the shore at the same moment. The land and naval forces of the British and American armies amounted, in all, to nearly twenty thousand troops. Fourteen thousand men, commanded by Sir George Prevost, beleaguered the village, which was defended by Gen. Macomb, with only three thousand undisciplined soldiers; yet, few and inexperienced as they were, they parried every assault of the swarming besiegers, till finally the brave M'Donough captured the entire British fleet, when the enemy, panic-stricken and repulsed, were compelled to fly. In this battle Commodore Downie, commander of the Royal fleet, and two thousand, five hundred soldiers were killed. The actors in that bloody tragedy are immortalized, and in all coming time the heart of the American will throb with patriotic pride at the very names of PLATTSBURG and M'DONOUGH.

We may shudder when we think of the terrible waste of human life that was there, yet all must acknowledge that just and righteous were the motives that impelled our countrymen to that fearful extremity. But now no tale of the death-struggle will the bright wave reveal, as it smoothly sweeps

over the sepulchral caves where repose the gallant dead. No token do those smiling hills betray of the anguish, rage, revenge, and horror they saw that day. On the wind has died away the expiring curse, and groan, and shriek, and yell. From the grassy plain has faded the red stain of carnage, and passed away forever is the crimson hue from the waters.

THE SORELLE.

Passing onward down the Lake, the shores gradually converged before us; the lofty mountains, receding behind us, went down beneath the southern horizon; the islands disappeared; the bold, rocky banks gave place to low, grassy shores; the scenery lost its wild beauty; and we had imperceptibly passed from Lake Champlain to the river Sorelle. We were reminded, too, that we had passed beyond the boundaries of our own country by a burly Canadian friend, who was congratulating himself that he had really got safely back again after his first adventure across the "*line*," and coming up, clapped his great brawny hand on our republican shoulder, with a grin peculiarly English, saying, in his broad Yorkshire dialect, "*Now ye're a subject o' the Quane.*"

Soon we came to the Isle aux Noix, which is strongly fortified, to defend the pass of the river. The first object that caught the eye was the tall, erect sentry, with his red coat and bristling musket, perched on the highest pinnacle of the rampart. Here, then, we must intrust our very lives to the hands of our brethren—Victoria's most loyal subjects—and place ourselves completely within their power, as we pass along right before a whole battery of huge guns, glaring at us with unmistakable aim. We did not fail to remember Damocles; his fate depended on a single hair—*ours* on a spark of fire.

At this fort we received on board a Custom-House officer to inspect our baggage, ere we proceeded farther into her Majesty's dominions. A few miles farther down the river brought us to the little town of St. Johns, where we disembarked, and, after a furious storm of uproar and confusion at the railway station, were permitted, at last, to enter a car. Fifteen miles, over a very level, cultivated plain, were passed at a very sleepy rate, and we arrived at the Catholic village of La Prairie, on the bank of the St. Lawrence. Here all of us—Canadians, Americans, priests, immigrants, Indians, negroes, children, horses, dogs, baggage, all together—were indiscriminately tumbled into a large covered steam ferry-boat. Such a scene Babel itself never saw but once. After a ferriage of nine miles, diagonally across this mighty, turbulent Amazon of the North, we gladly stepped from our temporary Pandemonium upon the broad, airy quays of the great commercial metropolis of both the Canadas—

MONTREAL.

This interesting city stands upon the south-eastern side of a large island of the same name, which is,

indeed, an immense delta, bounded on two sides by the divided Ottawa, which, sweeping down from the far north-west, here pours its flood of inky waters into the clear St. Lawrence. The first prominent feature of the city, that strikes the attention of the traveler on landing, is the magnificent quay, built of gray limestone, extending a mile along the river, and said to be unsurpassed, in the beauty and solidity of its masonry, by any similar work of the most opulent cities of Europe. Along its entire length runs a light iron balustrade, adding much to its elegance and security; while at convenient intervals carriage passways slope down to the wharf. Busy multitudes are continually hurrying along the quay; and here, again, *we, Americans*, could not help observing, at every corner, the ubiquitous red-coated sentry, pacing to and fro, more like a machine than a man. Here, too, you might as well expect to escape from the sunlight as from the impertinently quizzical eyes of the policemen, dodging around you, with club and rattle, wherever you go. We had often heard of THE GOVERNMENT—here, we supposed, we saw it.

Montreal is the largest city of either Upper or Lower Canada, and contains a population of sixty thousand, perhaps nearly equally divided between the French and English elements. Every thing is novel, and wears an air peculiarly foreign. All the streets and sideways are finely paved and clean, but narrower than those of American cities generally. Great St. James and Notre Dame are the principal thoroughfares, running parallel with the river—the latter being the fashionable promenade: in a word, the Canadian Broadway. All round the public squares and market-places are ranged long lines of cabs and caleches, the top of each occupied by a cunning Frenchman, bowing and beckoning to every passer-by. You may step from the sidewalk into any one of these two-wheeled vehicles—your mercurial Jehu seems to understand intuitively whither you would go—and, before you can speak half a word, away you whirl, bouncing and spinning along at a fearful speed, after an ambling little pony. Here every body rides in a cab. It is absolutely cheaper to ride than to walk—the time saved in speed is more valuable than the few pennies expected by the accommodating cabman. Coaches, omnibuses, and private carriages are almost entirely unknown, a dozen cabs being always in waiting at your door.

Public buildings—religious, benevolent, and literary—are abundant and magnificent. By far the most prominent is the Roman Catholic cathedral of Notre Dame, the largest edifice in all America. It is built in the Gothic style, and is truly an imposing structure. As you stand in front, and look up to the immense central window, nearly seventy feet in height, and then, upward still, to the massive square towers, two hundred and fifty feet above you, an idea of vastness rushes down upon the soul, such as is produced by no other building on the continent. Its architectural defects are lightly

passed over in contemplating its stupendous magnitude. Its ample doors are ever open, and through them pours a continuous throng. The interior, with its majestic columns supporting the lofty frescoed concave, the double tier of spacious galleries, vacant pews for more than ten thousand persons, the long aisles rapidly converging, in distant perspective, toward the altar, again suggest an idea of vastness such as is seldom felt. Rich old paintings, delineating scenes from the life of Christ and the saints, adorn the walls. Every-where the eye meets the Madonna and the crucifix, of every material, from the coarsest wood to the purest gold—of every size, from miniature mold to colossal stature.

But who can gaze with composure upon these as works of art simply, or coolly criticise the various degrees of skill displayed in their mechanism, when, from the matin to the vesper hour, hundreds come to perform the humiliating rites of their refined and civilized idolatry! How the heart of a Protestant revolts within him to see the elite, the noble, the intellectual, the beautiful, decrepit age, and rosy, lisping childhood, bowing low in the dust to a blasphemous image—muttering fervent prayers before those pictured saints—confessing, with tears, truly penitential, their many sins; or, perchance, reluctantly, yet conscientiously, yielding up the most inviolable trusts of confiding friendship; or crouching abjectly, in one of those eighteen confessionals, to whisper into the ears of a priest, for aught they know the vilest of abandoned men, those solemn words which none but God should hear! O with what mingled feelings of melting pity and of unutterable scorn and indignation do we go out from such a scene into the pure air of heaven!

Ascending one of the corner towers, by a spiral stairway, we pass the great bell, whose deep-toned peals are echoed back from hills and mountains many a league away. Its enormous weight is but a fraction less than fifteen tons. On gaining the dizzy top, a view of exhaustless beauty expands before the eye. Looking downward perpendicularly, far beneath you, the luxuriant garden of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, with its graceful parterres and many colored flowers, dwindles to a picture of brilliant Mosaic. At your feet is the city—itself become a map. Every house may be pointed out, and you look down upon a hundred glittering spires and swelling domes. The view is more commanding than either that of New York from the tower of Trinity Church, or that of Boston from the Old State-House. Encircling the city are its boasted suburban villages; while two miles to the north looms up Mount Royal, from which, it is said, the city derives its name. Around its base you see extensive parks, with lordly mansions peering out amid the dark, evergreen foliage with quite an air of royalty. To the south sweeps the broad St. Lawrence, unceasingly onward—onward forever to the ocean. There, too, sleeps the lovely island of St. Helens, in its emerald beauty.

Another object of interest to the stranger is the Hotel-Dieu. This is a benevolent institution, belonging to the French Catholics, and is a retreat for the aged and indigent, an asylum for orphans, and a female seminary, all combined in one establishment. It is under the superintendency of the Gray Nuns—so called from the color of their costume—and contains about four hundred and forty inmates. We were shown to the chapel, it being the hour of vespers. The service was conducted throughout in the French language. The chapel is decorated in the most gorgeous style; and, as we looked upon those old, patriarchal invalids in devout attitude, with rosary and prayer-book, and upon those hundred blooming girls all kneeling, dressed in their plain hoods, reaching down to the waist—as we listened to the solemn chanting of the priest, and heard the sweet-voiced music that came flowing down divinely from the lofty choir, while the departing sunbeams streamed richly and softly through the many colored window, we were not totally insensible to that fascination which robes the fiend of darkness in the radiant garments of the angel of light. Here is gained an influence over the young and susceptible heart that is absolutely boundless and ineffaceable.

In one ward we saw eighty little children, from two to six years of age. All were dressed alike, and with the utmost simplicity and neatness. They formed a circle round us, and sang most charmingly in French, keeping time with their tiny hands. Seldom have I seen sweeter faces, and never any more expressive of overflowing kindness, than those of the nuns who have charge of those little playful prattlers. And are those eighty little innocents all orphans? Ah! they are *more* than orphans! They are helpless outcasts—they are *all* foundlings! I will not here describe the melancholy and painful reflections suggested to my mind while gazing on these children of sin, themselves sinless—unfortunate offspring of crime, themselves pure and spotless—in happy ignorance of the sad fact which maturer years must inevitably reveal.

Montreal abounds in churches of all denominations. The Wesleyan Chapel is the largest Protestant house of worship in Canada, and the most spacious Methodist church in North America. Here also is a Scottish kirk, a college, an English university, besides many French and English schools, hospitals, and convents. With all her other refinements, Montreal has not neglected the military art—she is abundantly supplied with the means of show and defense. Every Tuesday evening a military soiree is given at one of the principal hotels, where the British officers “trip the light, fantastic toe.”

One morning we attended the royal parade of her Majesty's troops. The discipline seemed perfect—the most complicated evolutions being performed with the most exact precision. The music was grand. The bold, thrilling volume of harmony, that went up from that martial band of fifty

accomplished performers—in unison with whose powerful tones vibrated the very field on which we stood—seemed enough to inspire the most craven-hearted coward with the courage of Leonidas or of Napoleon. Yet, pleasing as is the effect of a whole battalion of men all arrayed in brilliant uniform and glittering armor, there is something utterly repugnant to a free spirit in the idea of a thousand human bodies advancing, wheeling, halting, and performing every movement, slavishly obedient to the slightest volitions of a single will. We turned away with the conviction strengthened, that we were not made for soldiers.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Much to our disappointment, we learned that none but night boats plied between Montreal and Quebec; for we regretted exceedingly to lose a single foot of those one hundred and eighty miles of glorious river scenery. But there was no alternative; and we perceived that Canadian enterprise is something very different from American enterprise: five steamboats only are employed in the transportation of freight and passengers between these two cities. Selecting the most comfortable one of the three boats bound for Quebec, we were soon out upon the waters again. As the shore receded behind us, the slant rays of the declining sun fell upon the gray walls of the vanishing city, touching each dome and spire with an opalescent glow, rendering the whole scene one of surpassing beauty, fair as ever reposed beneath Italia's magic sky. Across the water in the distance was Longueuil, its houses and churches apparently afloat upon the undulating waves; while just before us was the romantic island of St. Helens, bathed in the mellow sunlight. On its rocky promontory frowns a powerful battery, commanding the entire passage of the river, and effectually protecting the city against all aggression from the ocean. Behind the fort rise up miniature mountains, embowered in dark masses of foliage, with many a moss-grown rock, and many a darkling dell between. A line of soldiers' tents standing along the shore added to the beauty and variety of the scene. Reluctantly we were borne onward, and the beautiful vision faded away in the blue distance behind us. But the river, the glorious river, was left us still, and to it we clung with rapturous confidence.

The St. Lawrence differs from all other rivers and from all other things in nature. It possesses a grandeur exclusively its own, defying the powers of the most graphic pen. For seven hundred miles it rolls its impetuous tide in an undeviating direction, north-eastward, from Ontario till it pours its flood into the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, so called in honor of a saint of the Romish calendar, on whose festal day it was first entered by French mariners, more than three centuries ago.

The general width of the river, above Quebec, is from one to two miles. Along the shore you see friendly clusters of farm-houses, desolate-looking windmills, and numerous villages, each with its

bright tin-covered church steeple. But no hum of cheerful industry or shout of returning school-children greets you as you pass—all seems quiet as a Sabbath-day, for a mile of water is between them and you. You float onward in profound silence, undisturbed save by the deep asthmatic breathing of the low-pressure engine. Solitude is inevitable—you love it. Like an Arab wandering alone on a boundless desert, you grow taciturn. Like the mighty river on whose bosom you are borne, your thoughts flow on irresistibly—sublimely—but silently.

The channel of the river seems cut through a vast plain, and the sloping banks are mantled with dark, evergreen foliage down to the water's edge. No sudden curves obstruct the view: you look forward and backward to where the water flows beyond the rim of the horizon. The solemn silence was broken as we entered the Rapids of St. Mary, some ten miles on our way. Here the current glides on with arrowy swiftness for a moment, amid the roar of breakers, and again we emerge upon the silent river. Night now came upon us, and reluctantly we withdrew to the cabin, where we beguiled a tedious hour in forming an acquaintance with a few gentry of the black robe and shaven crown. We found in them most agreeable traveling companions, uniting the urbanity of the true Frenchman with such liberal and tolerant views, as would have secured their certain excommunication for heresy had they lived in the dark days of the sixteenth century.

Leaving our trusty pilot to watch alone for the perilous Rapids of Richelieu, we sought repose in our berth for the night. Stepping on deck next morning, but a few miles above Quebec, we were saluted by a piercing blast that came sweeping along fresh from the pole, intimating that we were very perceptibly approaching the Hyperborean regions. The swarthy, babbling Canadians, standing in groups, here and there, about the deck, wrapped in their coarse, gray surtouts, with long hoods, either drawn over the head or hanging down the back, formed a scene highly picturesque.

And there was still that mighty river—still flowing onward, yet more serenely, more calmly, more sublimely than before. The shores were farther off and higher, and the tall pines and firs seemed to stand nearer the brink, peeping over into the surging stream. The level bars of rosy light shot through the morning vapor, gradually reddening into a hue of deeper intensity, till the great sun himself arose from the waters before us, and, with his magic touch, Midas-like, filled all the orient with golden mist.

Rounding a point, we beheld a whole bevy of white-winged ships quietly riding at anchor on the glassy waters, which here expanded into a magnificent bay; before us towered up a vast perpendicular cliff of solid rock, surmounted by its far-famed and impregnable battery, reminding us of a sturdy Roman veteran wearing his mural crown—and we knew we were in the port of Quebec.

THE IMAGINATIVE AND THE HISTORICAL.

THEIR RELATIVE IMPORTANCE IN LITERATURE.

BY MISS LUCY TOWNE.

It is not to be supposed that any person, whose apprehension grasps the extent of area, in the intellectual field, comprehended by our subject, will suspect one of the presumption of an attempt to dispose of it in a brief article like this. The capacity to measure it at all, or to treat it, at any considerable length, as it deserves, is by no means claimed; therefore, the only intention in this is to throw off a few thoughts, that were first awakened by observing the confidence and perfect freedom from hesitation that characterizes the decisions of some regarding the inquiry naturally rising from the subject; namely, Is the imaginative or the historical most important in literature?

The magnitude of the question may, perhaps, not be fully apparent at the first glance, and for this cause may be disposed of lightly. But a just appreciation of the merit peculiar to a particular style of literature must be the precursor to the advantages to be derived from it.

As that indescribable but distinct faculty, or sense, denominated taste, is placed as an usher to introduce material aliment to the organs that incorporate it with our physical being, that it becomes both increasing stature and real strength, so a taste for wholesome literature presents to our immaterial nature the proper nourishment to promote our mental growth and intellectual strength.

For this cause the inquiry, What style of literature is most conducive to the true interests of mind? becomes worthy of earnest attention. It towers in height the more it is contemplated; it descends in depth, it extends in each geometrical direction, as we approach it with a seriousness corresponding to its importance. Volumes could be written upon it, and still leave to future adventurers rich fields of unexplored domains, whose extent would furnish "ample room and verge enough" to display a giant's power.

"Does society owe more to imaginative or to historical literature?" is the exact expression of an inquiry that demands a reply. But who can answer? There are many who, from a natural love of the tangible and real, give, without hesitation, the preponderance of obligation to the treasures of history. It is not strange that such should be the case. We would naturally shudder at the idea of extinguishing the light of the Past, while he stands beaming with a benignant ray on the youthful Present, and promising increasing radiance to the unborn Future. Indifference to the historian's claim to importance would savor of such ingratitude. We would not blind the eyes of the faithful old chronicler, who, since creation dawned, has watched the affairs of men for our especial benefit, carefully preserving in his note-book all important acts

indicative of wisdom, that he may incite us onward to practice the same, and as carefully exhibiting acts of distinguished folly, in close association with their consequences, as warning beacons to preserve us from similar mistakes. Our sense of justice is properly alarmed at the idea of seeming, for a moment, to come short of a full appreciation of the untold wealth bequeathed to us in the historian's massive legacy to our race. Yet, after all, much as we admire the firmness of historic truth, which is claimed by some as the foundation-stone of a wholesome and durable literature, there are many difficulties in an *unqualified* decision; even for the solid masonry of immutable fact, when, for it, we are brought to the point of sacrificing all the rich creations of that wonderful power imparted to the son of genius, who, as if in the secret of omnipotence, has but to say, "Let there be," and there is "light"—light flashing far above, and below, and around the dark and empty void where chaos lately dwelt.

The philosophy of history is more than the letter; the application, supplied by the imaginative, the greatest value derived from the fact.

In most cases of wide extremes, Truth is found in the medium ground; she seldom walks with either. A well-trained child, if called upon to decide to which parent he owed greatest obligation, and if told, at the same time, his decision must effect a final separation from one or the other, as they waited but his choice to dissolve their connection, would probably exclaim, "Take from me the protection of my father's arm! Where, then, shall my orphanage find security? Take from me my mother's patient, exhaustless love, and I am doubly orphaned! Ye are to me but one. I owe you equal love. Remain together; for it is death to me to part with either." It is with similar feelings they who appreciate the value of both history and sentiment would approach the decision of our question. Nor do the child and lover of literature furnish the only ground of resemblance in the figure. Neither history nor sentiment is perfect alone, but must blend their influence to produce the good to be expected from either.

From the lowly violet up to the monœcious and diceious tree, and through every order of animated being up to the Self-Existent, a dual nature in all things seems necessary to the perfection of unity. Even He who spoke and *it was*, intimates companionship in unity, by saying, "Let us make," etc., rather than, "I will make man in my image." There is a sublime perfection of purity apparent in this design, though it may escape the perception of the earth-born, crawling class of mind, as effectually as the science of the diceious tree escapes the observation of the slimy worm that creeps at its root. It is the law of God, and mind, as well as matter, submits to its omnipotence.

Not even is sound, that most ethereal of all the agents employed by Heaven to attract the angel part of man back to his native home—not even is sound

an exception to the general law. If, then, the imaginative is not the bass in the music of literature, it is the sweet soprano, in perfect harmony with it, yet sounding high and clear above its rolling strength, in strains of unearthly melody, to make us aware how deficient the bass would be alone.

Science, among her wonderful developments, has demonstrated that tones swell up from the organ's pealing pipes in strict accordance with unchanging laws—laws sufficiently understood to be obeyed, though, perhaps, not fully to be explained. And in that wonderful organ—the human soul—thought thus leaping from its profoundest depths, in obedience to a hidden law of numbers, is the rich *diapason*, commanding the harmonious tones of all its wide-sweeping octaves, and swelling them up together into one pean of angelic symphony, whose ever-sounding key is found in God alone.

THE ASCENSION.

—
BY JAMES STRONG, ESQ.
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WHERE sojourned the physical person of Jesus during the interval between his resurrection and ascension? How were those forty days employed by him? We find him, in the sacred narrative, suddenly yet opportunely recurring in the company of his followers, as if he hovered spirit-like about them; first saluting the women, as they hurry affrighted to the city, to convey the angelic message to the disciples; and almost at the same instant thrilling the heart of Mary at the tomb with the wonted tones of his address; then, throwing off the guise, in the familiar act of "the breaking of bread" around the board at Emmaus; next startling the assembled disciples by his noiseless presence in their midst; and afterward surprising the fishing party at the Lake of Galilee, or, punctual to his appointment, with the whole body of believers, on the neighboring mountain; and now outside Jerusalem the twelve meet him, unconscious that it is for the last time on earth, to receive his parting instructions.

Another kindred question presses upon our mind: What was the nature of the body in which he thus appeared? an inquiry arising, not from that incredulous curiosity which Paul rebukes as the language of a "fool," but from that affectionate interest which prompts angels to "desire to look into these things." It was no specter-form that mocked the touch of Thomas, nor empty shade that demanded the piece of fish and the honeycomb for a feat of legerdemain! Assuredly the material frame of Jesus mingled as of wont with these chosen witnesses in its entire identity, or the resurrection is a farce, that affords no satisfying hope to the "unutterable groanings" of those who, "having the first fruits of the Spirit," now "wait for the redemption of our body" in the full exertion of that Spirit's power. But was this then his *glorified* body? Alas!

we fear that this would be as little satisfactory to "the earnest expectation of the creature, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." Not from such a model merely could the beloved disciple, who had witnessed the celestial glory anticipated in the transfiguration, have described, as the consummation of our sonship, that "we shall be like him." Doubtless, therefore, we must conclude, that, as the cloud inclosed the person of the Savior from the disciples' view, that "CHANGE" from "natural" to "spiritual" passed upon it, which the bodies of the living shall experience at the sound of the final trump. The ordinary laws of matter then ceased to bind it in affinity to earth; gravitation no longer resisted its spiritual attractions, and volition became the instrument of locomotion; chemical assimilation was arrested in its processes, and the fullness of immortality was stamped upon it; the rays of celestial glory that would have blinded mortal vision were unvaild, and the acknowledged Mediator took his radiant seat "on the right hand of God;" for the humanity of Christ still holds relations to space—his body must be *somewhere*, and where that place is, is HEAVEN. So far only can speculation safely go.

Christ was "the first-fruits of the resurrection," the type and pledge of ours hereafter. Yet others had ascended before him; but they had not tasted death. Enoch and Elijah were translated, as representatives of the patriarchal and prophetic dispensations in the glorified world. Others, too, had revived from the dead; but it was to die again. Several persons in both Testaments came back awhile to their earthly friends, to report the reality of the other world. Christ alone has exchanged the grave for glory, and thus achieved a complete deliverance from "the bondage of corruption."

How little were the disciples aware of these things, as their Master led them across the Kedron, on the familiar road toward Bethany! While he was preparing to deliver to them, as his final trust, the responsible charge of evangelizing the world, their minds are still full of the frivolous passion for worldly empire; and, as they ascend the Mount of Olives, they break the impressive silence by the childish question, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" The solemn scenes of the crucifixion and of the subsequent events had not even sufficed to open their minds to the spiritual character of his mission; there was but one more event to occur between them, but that would effectually undeceive them. The Savior, therefore, gently reproves their mistake, in terms that seem only to correct their misapprehension of the time.

They pass on, till they reach the summit of the hill; and there, in full view of Jerusalem as well as of Bethany, he gives them that commission, which was to be at once the chart of their future operations and the molding institution of the world's history to the latest times. They receive his benediction, doubtless with solemn, but otherwise

apparently with no special emotions, when suddenly, in the act, "he was parted from them, and a cloud received him out of their sight!" With haute astonishment, they stand gazing up at the spot in the heavens where their Master has disappeared—they know not what to think, they have no power to move—till their reverie is broken by angelic voices at their side, assuring them that Jesus has gone up to heaven, no more to return till the final day. A flood of light now bursts upon their burdened, bewildered thoughts; for the first time they distinctly see the grand object of the Redeemer's life; the spiritual apprehension rushes with a tide of joy through their minds, and, in transports of praise, they fall upon their knees, to worship their Lord, truly found only in his departure! From that hour we hear no more of carnal hopes and secular anticipations.

So prompt was the fulfillment of their Master's promise, that, "if he went away, he would send the Comforter" in his stead, the influence of that divine inspirer they already began to feel, as they returned with light hearts to the city, there to await its fullness of power. And here we may find an explanation of that condition of its bestowment, at first so mysterious, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." Was this then the reason of the ascension? Was it indispensable to their spiritual enlightenment? Even so; for not only would "the Spirit of truth," by its ubiquity and its unobserved but most immediate access to the mind, be a more perfect teacher than he personally could be, and not only was it suitable—nay, for aught we know, necessary in the councils of heaven—that the interceding Priest and Sacrifice should enter within the heavenly veil, but his presence on earth would have been a hinderance to that spiritual worship, which must be abstracted from all outward form, and to that life of faith which is opposed to sight. And so it proved: the single glance into the heavenly world, through the aperture by which the Son of God retired from them, gave them a juster perception of divine things than they seem to have gained from all his personal instructions while among them. Let us, then, who are often tempted to think, "How much more highly favored were the twelve, with their Master at hand to teach them!" remember that we have even a more efficient substitute in the Holy Spirit, and show, by our diligent application and attention to his monitions, that we duly appreciate the privilege.

MEN put off religion on the same principle and with the same intent that some put off paying their debts—meaning never to pay them, or, at least, hoping to be able in some way to avoid payment. Is this wisdom, or creditable worldly policy even? Who can answer?

A WISH.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

BE mine the gentle, kindly art,
Which others might disdain,
To touch the living, human heart—
The soul's electric chain;
To strike the fine, harmonious chords
Where feeling deepest lies,
And kindle joys with burning words,
Or move to tender sighs.

BE mine the power to wake at will
The passions deep and strong,
And each responsive soul to fill
With glowing waves of song;
To win from pallid lips a smile,
The loneliest breast to cheer,
And with fresh, summer thoughts beguile
The wrinkled, old, and sear.

BE mine the old Enchanter's wand,
Which, from the past, could wave
The spectral joys that Time's cold hand
Had plunged within that grave;
Then, in the mourner's lonely room,
And by the hearth-stone cold,
What angel forms should light the gloom,
And broken hearts remold!

HAD I but these, I'd ask no more;
For, with such heavenly power,
Unto its bloom I'd swift restore
Each broken, faded flower.
O, give me, then, the kindly art,
Which others might disdain—
The power to touch the human heart—
The soul's electric chain!

WHY THOSE TEARS!

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

WHAT WAS it called those tears
Forth from their secret cell?
'Twas neither pain, nor fears,
Nor was it a farewell.

AH! it was one harsh word—
It was a look unkind,
Which, like a piercing sword,
Gashes the tender mind.

A ceaseless smile of love
'Twere easy to impart,
Like a sweet ray from heaven,
To cheer the aching heart.

SURELY there is a land
Where no dark tears may flow—
Where the most valued friend
Proves not the bitterest foe!

AN AUSTRIAN OLLA-PODRIDA.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

THE famous Spanish olla-podrida is a favorite national dish, as every body knows, made up of odds and ends of all sorts, that together make a savory morsel that every Spaniard considers an important shade in the national character. We make no pretensions of having discovered a dish of this nature on Austrian soil; but we have long cherished a medley of odds and ends, that we would gladly have given to our fair readers long ere this, had we known when and where to serve them up, that they might be palatable. We have waited in vain, and, in desperation, come to the courageous conclusion to try our hand at an Austrian olla-podrida, humbly begging our fair patrons not to taste this culinary-literary preparation with too critical a palate.

In the first place, we feel like gossiping, and know of no individual in the present moment, while passing in review the reminiscences of Vienna, more deserving of a lashing than that famous gossip, Mrs. Trollope. May she never receive an appellation less deserved than this!

"Sir," said a lady to us one evening, in a social circle of Austrian dames, "are you acquainted with the famous Madame Trollope?"

"Have not the honor, madam," was our brief reply.

"Honor! sir; I hope you do not think it an honor; we certainly do not here; we know her too well; and you must know her, too, for she has written a book about the Americans, and has, I suppose, slandered you as she has slandered us."

"We acknowledge, madam, that we considered ourselves rather harshly treated, and especially the inhabitants of the greatest city of the west—Cincinnati—the field of her glory and witness of her retreat."

"Sir," continued the lady, "she has written a book about us, which she calls 'Vienna and the Austrians;' and, indeed, there is hardly a word of it true; at least that part which she devotes to me is shamefully glossed over with misrepresentation. . . . She was introduced to me by Baroness —, from whom she had learned that I had newly furnished my house, as is the custom here frequently. As I was about to open my new establishment with a large party of friends, according to our German custom, she felt very anxious to be one of the number, to see what might be new to her. At her special request, conveyed to me through the Baroness, I sent her an invitation to be one of the party. . . . She appeared at an early hour, and troubled me with all sorts of inquisitive questions, and, finally, bluntly requested me to show her even my kitchen and sleeping apartments, as she was very desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with all the peculiarities of a German household. . . . I thought the request a very strange and

improper one, but complied out of politeness, and was heartily glad when I got rid of my troublesome guest. . . . Shortly afterward she published a book, where I am served up as a specimen of the Viennese ladies, who furnish their houses anew every few years in order to have some new attraction for lukewarm guests, and boldly announces that she was dragged over the house from top to bottom, and made to examine every trifle from kitchen to garret."

"Madam," replied we, "there are many ladies in the United States who could sympathize with you deeply."

Shortly afterward we applied to the sacristan of the old Cathedral of St. Stephen, for admission to the immense catacombs that lie under it, and extend for a considerable distance from its precincts—a subterranean city of the dead, over whose vaults the din of business or pleasure resounds unceasingly for at least twenty hours in twenty-four.

"There is no admission for strangers, sir," said the sacristan, "since Madame Trollope was here."

"What," said we, "has Madame to do with the catacombs, pray?"

"Why, sir," was the reply, "when that lady was here, she requested us, through a high personage, to break our ordinary rules, and admit a lady to inspect the vaults of the dead. We did so, and took every pains to show her all she wanted to see, although a little surprised at her desires. . . . When her book appeared, she abused us for what she termed our coarse feeling in permitting such sights to appear before the public gaze, and gave an engraving of one of the scenes in a vault, where the skeletons are reclining against the wall, presenting a ghastly group as dimly lighted by the flambeaux of the guides, with herself gazing in horror in the foreground. . . . She advised us to bar the entrance to the catacombs; and we think her advice so good that we have determined to follow it in future, and especially toward her ladyship in person, should she appear again."

We left the catacombs, wondering how soon Mrs. Trollope would cross our path once more; and called on an English gentleman and his wife at one of the principal hotels. On inquiring of the clerk if our friends were in, he replied, "My lord has driven out, sir, with my lady." In all the German capitals John Bull is looked upon as a moneyed gentleman, and all those who have any thing to expect from his purse are ever ready to dignify him with titles; and none seem more peculiarly adapted to this use than "my lord" and "my lady." While promenading one bright afternoon in the beautiful public gardens of the capital, surrounded by wealth, fashion, and beauty, a group of happy children richly dressed, and accompanied with a very lady-like governess, ran rompingly by, exclaiming, at the top of their voices, "Come, my lord! come, my lady!" We looked around to see if our friends, perhaps, were thus familiarly invited to hasten their pace, when, behold! we perceived two exquisite

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little lapdogs, fairly buried in their silken shaggy hair, approaching with all possible speed, in consideration of the bells and ribbons that adorned their titled persons. Those little canine jewels were nearly as much cared for as were their little masters and mistresses, and, to cap the climax, even bore *English* titles—for any thing that is English is considered *bon-ton* and exclusive in Vienna. The children of the nobles and gentry are taught English at a very early age. French is almost looked upon as their mother-tongue, and may be said to be imparted to them in the same way, as it is not unfrequently the case that the children learn French before the German. No large establishment is considered complete without a French governess for the children, and said lady always converses in French with them, for the most excellent reason that she seldom understands any thing else. This course lays a firm foundation for this language; and the children then frequently pass into the hands of an English governess, and acquire the rudiments of this language in the same way. This is so much the case, that on the fashionable promenade these languages are most usually heard among the children and their teachers, who are always with them, whether during studies or recreation.

This system gives a genteel and agreeable employment to a large number of worthy and intelligent young ladies; but its tendency is to give an undue amount of importance to the languages, and to cause a neglect of other most useful but less polite accomplishments. A young lady in Vienna is considered as possessing the acme of what is worth knowing, if she be well acquainted with the French and English, and be a skillful musician: these enable her to shine in society, to converse with all who may be present, and to charm with her musical powers. Her intercourse with the world, added to the opera and the ball, give her subjects for conversation. If, on the contrary, she be intellectually inclined, she never mingles in the active questions of the world, but prefers Schiller, Shakspeare, or Racine—in short, she becomes a poet. So much are languages cultivated, that on entering a fashionable saloon the French is always used during the ceremony of introduction, on the ground that one or the other party may not be German, and it is retained as a matter of choice by most of the company during the evening. The question is never asked, "Can you speak French?" it would border on insult to suppose one not able to do so. During the carnival a brilliant *conversazione* is given in one of the large saloons of the palace, in which the ladies are in costume. By common consent, the French is here the language of the evening, and a question in German would be looked upon as vulgar, although four thousand people are generally here assembled. The object and result of this is to make the company select and intelligent. English and Italian are considered more perfectly aristocratic, and groups may every-

where be seen conversing in these languages in a sort of exclusive pride. At one of these festivals we inquired of a lady, who had been talking English to us and others for some time, why she did not use the French: "O," replied she, "it is too vulgar—every one here can speak French;" and her answer gave an excellent insight into one of the national characteristics of her country.

The late Emperor, Ferdinand the Fifth, is a curious instance of a man destitute of nearly every other faculty than that of language. It is said that he speaks nearly every language spoken in his dominions, like Mithridates of old—the German, Hungarian, and Italian for his subjects, and French and English for visitors. In other respects he is almost an imbecile; his very countenance betrays the marks of a complete vacuity of intellect; and his subjects, long before he abdicated, knew this circumstance so well that sly stories of his simplicity passed from mouth to mouth, inciting a smile of pity or contempt, as they reached the ear of friend or foe. Not far from the capital lies the summer residence of his Majesty—the beautiful palace of Schoenbrun, the Versailles of Austria. The grounds are extensive and beautiful, and laid out in French style, a circumstance which, no doubt, did its share toward making it the favorite residence of Napoleon on his invasion of Austria. The gardens of Schoenbrun were the usual resort of Emperor Ferdinand during the summer afternoons, and are diversified with exotic plants and a menagerie of rare and curious animals, nearly all of which are so arranged that they live as nearly as possible as when in their native land. We were one day examining the birds, in company with an Austrian friend, when he roughly whispered in our ear an anecdote that is told of the Emperor. We vouch not for its truth, but give it as we received it. His Majesty was one day walking with his chamberlain through the menagerie, when his attention was attracted by a peculiarly large eagle, sullenly perched in his cage. "What kind of bird is that?" inquired his Majesty. "An eagle, your Majesty," replied the chamberlain. "An eagle," said the Emperor; "that can't be an eagle!" "I beg your Majesty's pardon, why not?" was the reply. "Why not? why an eagle has two heads!" said the Emperor. The whole force of this reply will be comprehended when we remind our readers that the Austrian national flag always bears the double-headed eagle.

To this we exclaimed "bravo!" and, childlike, lustily begged for another story. Our friend's stock was not exhausted, and he good-naturedly acceded to our demand.

"The Grand Council of state," said he, "is composed of five individuals—the Emperor, Metternich, the Archduke Lewis, and two other great personages: these form, so to speak, our cabinet, and are always in session when any very important question is to be debated or settled. One morning an exceedingly knotty question was presented,

which puzzled even Metternich himself; the members of the Council walked to and fro, thinking and planning in silence what should be the solution; presently the Emperor clapped his hand on his knee, and exclaimed, 'I have it!' 'What is it, your Majesty?' said Metternich, turning deferentially around, and approaching him. 'A fly,' replied the Emperor, 'that has been plaguing me all the morning.'

Some time after this we met a most intelligent gentleman in the captain of one of the steamers of the Danube, who had shortly before enjoyed the distinguished honor of conveying his Majesty from Vienna to Pesth, the capital of Hungary. On inquiring how the Emperor seemed pleased with his trip, the captain observed that his Majesty had descended into the lower part of the vessel for the purpose of examining the machinery, and, while looking at the boiler, inquired the power of the boat. "One hundred and fifty horse power, your Majesty," replied the captain. "Wouldn't it be better," said the Emperor, "to have the horses at once, so that there could not be any danger from the bursting of the boiler?"

But the poor Emperor has now retired from the troubles of the world, and transferred his responsibilities to younger hands; and, with all his failings, his people still cherish him in their memory as the "Good Emperor Ferdinand;" for he knew too little to be cruel; his good-nature covered a multitude of sins committed by those who most closely surrounded him. When he shall have seen the last of earth, his heart will doubtless be embalmed as are those of his predecessors, and the silver urn, to which it will be confined, will take its place in the vault in the long line of the hearts of the Hapsburgs; for it is a singular custom in Austria that, on the death of a member of the Imperial family, the heart is taken from the body, embalmed, and placed in a silver urn. These are all placed in a strong vault in the oldest church of the city, formerly a convent, and, for a trifle to the sexton, the stranger can peep through a hole in a strong door that bars the entrance, and there stand the hearts of the most mighty family of rulers that Germany has ever known. As we were gratifying our curiosity, our attention was specially directed to the urn containing the heart of the King of Rome, Napoleon's only son. It is deposited here because his mother, Maria Louisa, was an Archduchess of the house of Austria.

The Austrians have a peculiar respect for the remains of the departed, more so, we think, than any other nation that it has been our lot to know. All-Saints'-Day, in Vienna, may be considered a religious holiday, for it is principally employed in visiting the tombs of those who have preceded their kindred in their voyage to the land of rest. We once spent All-Saints'-Day in visiting the cemeteries of the capital, and found much to remember, and little that we could desire to forget. The very entrance to them is soothing and consoling. Over

their portals generally stands the inscription, "*God's Field*," or more usually, perhaps, "*Place of Rest*." On passing into the interior, we every-where perceived groups engaged in silent devotion over the graves of the departed. Here it was a mother leaning over the image of her child; there a sister mourning for a brother gone to the dust whence he had sprung; here the wife silently communed with a departed husband; and there a husband dropped a tear and murmured a prayer for a wife that retained his affections even in the cold embrace of death. This commingling of prayers rose in one audible but unintelligible supplication—a murmur from earth to heaven! Over many of the graves were hung small lanterns, that burned dimly all the preceding eve, and all of them were ornamented with wreaths of *immortelles*, a favorite token of remembrance.

Another affecting and refining funeral custom in Austria, is the ceremony of burying a young and innocent girl. The lugubrious and mournful black is laid aside, and all her friends and acquaintances, who are maidens as she, appear in robes of white, that they may accompany her to her narrow home in the appropriate habiliments of innocence. On either side of the pall-bearers that support the coffin are rows of young girls, so that the bier and its burden is within a hollow square. These bear festoons of *immortelles*, that pass from one to the other, as a chain of sacred remembrance to the departed. On the coffin lies a wreath of orange blossoms, to indicate that she has become the bride of her Savior. And thus, with a *Te Deum laudamus* to her memory, is she borne to her new home.

Even the poor criminal that expiates his crime on the gallows is, nevertheless, an object of sympathy. The government, as an example to evildoers, lets the body hang from mornning till night, a fearful warning of retributive justice; but soon after his spirit has ceased its struggles with the body it is loth to leave, the people spread a large sheet under the gallows, and appoint sentinels to pace along its border, and guard the modest trifle that many of the passers-by throw on it, for the purpose of paying for a mass to be said for the benefit of his soul. In a few days after this the villages of the environs will receive a visit from an *improvisatore*, who is provided with a large amount of canvas, on which are painted the scenes of the murder, and, perhaps, the preliminary circumstances that led to it. This canvas he unrolls in the streets, fastens on a fence, perchance, and then commences his story to the gaping group that never fails to gather around him. First is presented the young and blooming youth, surrounded by friends and the prospects of a happy future. Here his early life is sung in a whining tone. Then appears the temptation to sin, and the efforts to resist it, according to the circumstances. This is most generally the gambling-table or the rum-bottle. This part of the story is now sung; and then are unrolled the scenes attending the crime, generally disgusting, at times revolting, as every effort is

made, by a plentiful daubing of red, to work upon the feelings of the ignorant group. If the latter effort has been successful, the poor simpletons throw in their hard-earned coppers generously, and the *improvisatore*, well pleased with his harvest, travels on with his canvas and stereotyped story to the next village.

The people are ever ready to hear something new, in order to fill the gap in their vacant minds and lives; for political events do not interest them as they do us, for the simple reason that they are so totally destitute of political rights that they seldom question the propriety or impropriety of political measures, except the latter infringe on their material welfare in a very palpable manner. The policy of the government is to give them holidays, on which to dance, sing, or be idle; but these holidays are always professedly of a religious nature, being in honor of some saint or some event. They are so numerous that three sometimes come in a week. This would seem a serious interruption to business men; but custom has inured them to it, and they close their factories or stores, as a matter of course, and enjoy themselves with the masses. This frequent return of holidays requires a good memory to keep pace with their arrival; and, to obviate all difficulties in this respect, the almanacs are so printed that all the holidays appear in large red letters instead of black. Thus every calendar is plentifully interspersed with red lines; and when the question arises, Is such a day a holiday or not? the red settles said question without even the ability or trouble of reading. We one day requested a workman to postpone a little job till the morrow, as being more convenient to himself. He replied that he would do so willingly, but it was a holiday. "Why, it was a holiday the day before yesterday! What day can come to-morrow?" "I do not remember," said he, "but it is printed red in the almanac." We referred, and, to our dissatisfaction, found it to be St. Leopold's day, or some other saint of that family.

A peculiarity of many of the holidays of these saints is the circumstance, that they end the day with a grand ball, *in honor*, say they, of the distinguished name that the day may happen to bear. It is made a very brilliant affair for the working and trading classes who take part in it. It gives a curious exhibit of the kind of social intercourse that pervades all classes in Vienna. In company with a number of Americans, some of whom were from the southern states, we found ourselves once precipitated right into the midst of one of these performances. We found no less than two thousand very well-dressed and apparently very happy people, swarming in the immense saloon, galleries, and refreshment-rooms. All were gay, inobtrusive, and extremely affable in their intercourse with each other. Hundreds were whirling round like butterflies in one immense swarm, when presently two ebony dames from Africa, black as the darkness of Egypt, whizzed by, in the arms of their partners,

with such swiftness that our southern friends could scarcely collect their scattered senses before the dark ladies were lost in the crowd. In the common course of revolving bodies, it was supposed, however, that they would soon appear again, and all the American delegation was drawn up, rank and file, to see their evolutions. Sure enough, in a few moments they again passed us, and fortunately the more slowly, from being fatigued. This gave us an opportunity to examine them the more critically. They were young, and blooming with the hilarity of the occasion, showing prettier rows of teeth than any other ladies in the saloon. Their dress was peculiar, and faultless for the occasion, being pure white, with sleeves so short that a striking contrast was effected between the color of the plump and youthful arms and the spotless white of the sleeves and long kid gloves, that passed beyond the wrists, and were adorned with jeweled bracelets. They were whirling round with the most distinguished-looking gentlemen in the room, and we were afterward convinced that they were considered the *belles* of the evening; for in the refreshment-rooms the invitations for the next performance were so numerous that the ladies could hardly discuss their ices or jellies. Our southern friends were incensed, and would have held an indignation meeting on the spot, had it not been for the pitiable minority in which we found ourselves. Considering prudence the better part of valor, we hurried out without making any demonstration. Shortly afterward we learned the history of those happy daughters of Africa. An Austrian vessel of war had rescued them from a slave ship near the coast, and brought them home. They were now in a strange land, young, friendless, and unfortunate, and unable to speak a word of the language. A Christian lady of wealth and title—a baroness—took compassion on their misfortune, and determined to raise and educate them. Her labors were crowned with success, and they are said to be intelligent and worthy young ladies. Their race is a curiosity in Austria, and there exists no prejudice in relation to their color; they are, therefore, treated as others—according to their merits.

All arrangements for festivals in Vienna, whether public or private, are gotten up with a taste that is surpassed only in Paris. Indeed, in some particulars the Viennese seem to carry the palm away from the Parisians, and especially in that department in which the latter are considered to excel; namely, in that of the confections. We were first fully convinced of this at a private dinner-party, given to a company of about twenty by a diplomatist of the capital. After a couple of hours spent in slowly discussing the substantial of a magnificent entertainment, spiced with lively conversation, wit, and repartee, we saw a beautiful poll-parrot, seated on a perch, brought into the room, and carried to the lady of the house at the head of the table. The plumage of "*Pretty Poll*" was as

brilliant and striking as if she had just arrived from the luxurious regions of the torrid zone; but, alas! poor Poll was doomed to destruction. The fair lady raised a knife, and, with one stroke, cut off Poll's head, and handed it on a plate to a lady at her side. Those among us that were strangers and uninitiated, soon learned from Poll's history that she was composed of ice-cream. But this was not all. A basket of flowers was now set on the table, and rare flowers they were—roses, white and red, japonicas, tulips, dahlias, and cactuses. The illusion was complete; for the coloring was so perfect that any unsuspecting wight would have pronounced them flowers, on a casual glance. They were also of ice-cream, and were soon distributed among the company, the young ladies being complimented with the white roses. And still they came. A plate of delicious-looking fruit was now brought in—apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, grapes, and currants. These were also colored and shaded so true to nature, that it seems as if that matchless artist must have applied their tints with her pencil. But to enhance the value, each fruit also had its peculiar natural flavor; so that one could almost imagine, on eating them, that they were real apricots, currants, or plums, instead of a simple preparation of ice-cream.

To indulging in these delicacies we anticipate no decided objection on the part of our fair readers; but lest they may be too decidedly in favor of a Viennese dinner, we propose serving up what they are at liberty to consider the dark side of this picture. Among other dainty bits indulged in by the epicures of the Imperial city are *snails*. These, in their season, are considered delicacies, as we take the liberty of considering oysters such. Said snails, however, are hardly served up in so many various styles as is the oyster, but they have, nevertheless, received much attention from regular professors of the culinary art. They are generally stewed in the shell, and served up in this way; and one who is well acquainted with this favorite dainty exhibits a peculiar grace in extracting the snail from its shell with his fork. An immense number of snails are annually brought to the Vienna market. The neighborhood of Ulm, on the Upper Danube, is said to furnish two millions. Styria, also, engages largely in the business of raising snails for the table. We were once stopping at a small inn in the heart of the country, where there seemed, on the afternoon of our arrival, to be no other attractions than those of nature. Determined, at least, to profit by these, we directed our steps toward a gurgling brook that we heard in the vicinity. To reach it we were obliged to cross a small field, and, on jumping over into the high grass, we found ourselves in an immense snail-bed, and, of course, trampling on the innocent creatures. Astounded at this unexpected apparition of snails, we were preparing to part company with them, when the old hostess of the inn saw us among her snails, and came running with most plaintive tones of

intercession in their behalf. I, of course, beat a retreat.

The merits of snails we are neither prepared to discuss nor defend; we merely ask a charitable reception for them on the ground that custom is every thing. Those very ardent lovers of snails entertain a supreme disgust for oysters, and wonder how people can swallow such uninviting-looking things. Oysters are not known in Vienna; and when a denizen of the latter city visits London, he generally expatiates in round terms on the vitiated tastes of John Bull. On this sublunary sphere custom is every thing, and may even make inviting so abominable a dish as an Olla-Podrida.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY PHILEMON.

MONTGOMERY, the poet, is dead! Sadly will these words fall on thousands of hearts; not in England alone, but throughout our whole country. He was born on the 4th of November, 1771, and was eighty years old the week in which he breathed his last. On his last birthday he planted an oak-tree on the lawn in front of the Infirmary of Sheffield, in which town he had resided from boyhood. He was intended originally for the Moravian ministry by his parents; but, finding himself not strongly called that way, he entered a mercantile house, with a view to following that as a permanent calling. Subsequently mingling in politics, he became editor of a journal in Sheffield. Narrowly watched by the government, he was arrested twice and thrown into prison—the first term for three months, and the second for six months.

Montgomery's principal poetical works are his *Wanderer in Switzerland*, *The West Indies*, *Prison Amusements*, *The World before the Flood*, *Greenland*, and *the Pelican Island*. The first of these works was made the subject, on its first appearance, of a scathing review in the *Edinburg Quarterly*, but received, nevertheless, the warm suffrage of the public, and has passed through some fifteen editions.

Montgomery will be chiefly remembered by his minor pieces, almost all of which are of a devotional cast. They breathe the spirit of the simple and fervent piety in which he was nurtured by his godly Moravian parents, but they are at the same time lyrical productions of the highest order, full of pathos and gushing tenderness. They breathe a spirit of enthusiasm in keeping with the strictest principles of piety, and will continue to be regarded among the choicest specimens of choral melody, while men speaking the English language meet to worship Him who is ruler and benefactor of all our race. Long be his memory green in the hearts of thousands, and vividly be his virtues proclaimed through this world of ours!

MENTAL SYMMETRY.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

(SECOND PAPER.)

III. SOMETIMES the want of mental balance is found in the faculty, or process, if you please, of *abstraction*. By this we resolve a complex idea, and separately consider one or more of its elements. This process can scarce be overrated. Without it, neither the poet nor the artist could form his beautiful creations. His power of combination were useless without materials. Whence can he obtain materials, but by abstracting from complex ideas; without it, we could have no philosophy; for what is philosophy but generalization? and this implies abstraction. Without it, we could have no reasoning, at least of the demonstrative kind. Without it, indeed, what better were mankind than the brute? Deprive them of abstraction, and you rob them of language; deprive them of language, and you set them with the beasts of the field. Though all human minds possess it, yet some have it in so small a degree that they rarely attain to comprehensive views or general truths. They survey the fields that encompass their native village without ever reaching the ideas of vegetation or germination. They amuse themselves with the cat that paws at their feet, and the dog that bears them company, without thinking of the classes and orders of animated nature. They shiver in winter, and perspire in summer, without any notions of zones and latitudes. They whistle with their shopmates, and sing songs with their merry wives, without ever reaching the great idea of man. They look up to the heavens without seeing God. Whether they mark the moon walking in brightness, or the stars that glitter in her train; whether they hail the rising sun, or repose in the evening beams; whether they survey the well-poised central orb, or the planets wheeling in their spheres, they see naught but sights charming to sense—no goodness, nor order, nor might, nor design: these are all abstractions. Nor, hence, the glorious concrete which they imply—the great I AM. They walk the earth, or plow and plant it, or mold some of its productions into useful or beautiful forms, without perceiving the distinction between the instrument and the agent, the muscle and the mind. They think and feel, without thinking themselves up to the idea of soul. They seem lost in the visible, the tangible, the temporal. Of such the poet speaks in these words:

"Fools never raise their thoughts so high:
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like brutes they flourish, till Thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death."

What can such a one think of worship in spirit and in truth? Would you have him adore? You must give him something *visible*. Would you have him worship? You must put an *emblem* in his hands. How different the Christian philosopher!

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He garners truth—abstract truth—wherever he turns; he emerges from the limited circle of home and friends to survey humanity, and sympathize with its wants and sorrows; he distinguishes, not only between the vegetable and the animal, but the animal and the rational, the rational and the spiritual. By abstracting evidences of design from the face of nature, he obtains an impressive idea of an intelligent First Cause. By the same means he traces the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator; and, adding to them the idea of infinity and eternity suggested within him, he lives, and moves, and has his being in God. It was by a series of abstractions, for example, that Newton climbed to the top of the universe, and caught that glimpse of God which made him adore for the rest of life. By the same process he learned to see, like Moses, Him that is invisible through the smoke of Sinai, and, like Paul, him that is eternal through the flesh of Jesus. Thus, too, an ancient but not less worthy sage, who looked through the heavens to the glory, through the firmament to the hand, through the sun to him that set his tabernacle; who all through the spheres heard a voice, and all through the earth saw a line; who, when he sought to cover himself with darkness, found the night turned to light about him, and, when he would hide within his own breast, found the candle of the Lord tracing his thought afar off. Do not misunderstand me. Men do not become Christians by *abstraction*, but by faith; but I would have you mark how abstraction and its attendant processes aid faith, and how the absence or imperfection of them may *predispose* to infidelity or *intrench* it. The best gifts may be perverted. There is a devilish abstraction often associated with great genius, which can go through all the works of God forgetful of his hand; can carry its lamp through all science without seeing him; can wing its way to all worlds, and sing its song under the gates of heaven, without thinking of him. Hellish metaphysics, that can abstract, for its contemplation, the earth—God's footstool—from his feet; the heaven—God's throne—from his majesty; the clouds—God's chariot—from his presence; the thunders—God's voice—from its teachings; the wings of the wind, on which he walketh, from the impress of his footsteps; that can even abstract the human soul from the universal spirit in which it breathes, and the universe from the arms which bear it up.

The Almighty has mercifully regarded human infirmities. In Paradise he walked visibly in the garden; in the patriarchal dispensation he conversed with men by his angels, and gave them altars and sacrifices for his worship. When he led his chosen people out of bondage, he put a cloud before them by day, and a pillar of fire by night. When he gave them a law, he did it in the midst of thunder, and lightning, and smoke, and an audible and mysterious voice. All this was adapted to a low state of intellectual cultivation, in which the mind was taken up with the outer world, having

only reached the borders of the region of abstract thought. In the fullness of time, Christ came to preach peace, through his blood, in accents of mercy. Even under the present dispensation we are not entirely without aids for the mind in its ascent to spiritual things. We have churches, Sabbaths, ministers, and a few simple but significant symbols. He who *neglects* them is criminal; so he who *rests* in them. God is a spirit. The case of the heathen we are not called on to judge; but, surely, we, who harness the lightning for horses, may ascend the heavens to worship. The world is hasting to another dispensation, in which, perhaps, there need be no sanctuary built by hands, for no one shall say to another, "Know ye the Lord." We are called on to prepare for this state of things, or for one analogous; for in the world where men are as the angels of God they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.

IV. The want of mental balance is often found in the imagination—that faculty which, electing, with a nice perception, from the train of associated thought, the beautiful or the sublime, combines them, with a delicate appreciation of relations, in enchanting forms. This is the artist of the mind, and it decorates all her chambers with pictures and statuary, and perfumes them with precious odors. It may unbalance the mind either by its *excessive* or *defective* action. The former will carry it from the outer world to wander through Eden or through hell; the latter will make the real world one of mere blood and bones, of granite and grass. It is not my purpose to treat of imagination any farther than it is related to the reasoning power; nor this, only so far as to show its influence on faith. For imagination is not only a soother of human sorrows, a builder of joyous homes, an enchantress leading the soul up the steep of lofty conception to bright and boundless visions, but in its soberer moods is the handmaid of reason, the friend of God. Hence, skepticism generally denounces and affects to despise it.

Imagination aids faith by aiding its indispensable condition—apprehension. Every description is an outline merely, which imagination must fill up, to give it resemblance to reality, and make us feel the force of analogy in favor of its truth. It is needed in the interpretation of prophecy. The prophets speak in figurative language, and their words can not be properly appreciated by one whose imagination is torpid. It is requisite that we may feel the force of the evidences of revelation. The external evidences being adapted to the mass of mankind, in whom the imagination is generally strong, he who represses this power, to the same degree, puts himself out of a proper relation to their evidences. The internal evidences are founded in the value of revelation; and since it is adapted to the *wants* of man, how can any one fully appreciate it who is unable to feel the great *heart* of humanity? and how shall one do this without the faculty which

enables us to rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep? The Bible points to scenes on high, and fancy helps faith to feel the powers of the world to come.

There is a large section of skeptical minds who, by an exclusive attention to natural science, extinguish all that is warming and expansive in the soul. These men would raise children as they do hogs, by placing them in favorable circumstances to fatten, and, when they are grown, would measure them with a three-foot rule, and weigh them in the hay-scales; would estimate their hearts by the pulsations at their wrists, and their brains by an electrometer. They would test the Bible by the rule of three, and estimate piety by the laws of physiology. They live in a world of exclusive matter, where all utilities are measured by inches, and all profit and loss denoted by dollars and cents. Surely, this is philosophy falsely so called.

Equally injurious is an excessive imagination. By presenting every thing in distorted proportions, it prevents a correct apprehension of any thing; divorcing the heart from the conduct, it unfits us for a right estimate of morality; shunning the real world, it destroys our sympathy with man, and our interest in what concerns him—happy if it do not press us to the borders of derangement. There are many skeptics of this class, of whom Rousseau may be taken as a type. Geneva, in the early part of the last century, gave birth to this remarkable man. His mother dying young, and his father being engaged in the humble duties of an artisan, his mind was permitted to grow as a vegetable in the wilderness, deriving nourishment from the soil in which it was accidentally placed, and sending forth its branches without direction or repression from human skill. At the age of seven he was an eager devourer of romances; at eight he committed Plutarch's Lives to heart; at nine he read Tacitus and Grotius; at ten he was placed in the care of a country clergyman; and at fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver. Running away from his master, he wandered upon the mountains of Savoy, till the prospect of starvation induced him to renounce the Protestant faith for the sake of a support from the mother Church; placed in a monastery, he soon made his escape, and, after many adventures, at length found a patroness in Madame de Warens of Amery, with whom he remained till he was twenty. He then went to France as music teacher, in which capacity he maintained himself with various fortune till 1742, when he was appointed secretary to the French ambassador of Venice; quarreling with his employer, he returned to France to resume his former occupation, and devote attention to natural science. In 1750 he commenced author-writing, and at different but not distant periods he composed numerous works; the last of which excited so much opposition, that he found it difficult to procure a resting-place for his feet, either in France or Switzerland. In a miserable and misanthropic old age, and after a

fruitless, aimless, and romantic, though gloomy life, he found a grave in the Isle of Poplars. Though possessed of a mind of peerless power, a heart of exquisite tenderness, a style of surpassing beauty, an accurate knowledge of the human breast, and an extensive acquaintance with the world, his powers, because ill balanced, were always questionably, often perniciously, employed.

His works evince knowledge that would honor Bacon, with ignorance that would disgrace a school-boy; principles worthy of Socrates, with sentiments that should shame a rake; imaginings gorgeous as Plato's, mingled with ravings like those of madness. But, to be more specific, the want of mental balance in Rousseau is evident both from his opinions and conduct.

1. His opinions are characterized by extravagance. His first essay, which drew the prize of the Academy, was written to prove that the re-establishment of the arts and sciences has been unfavorable to morality, which was evidently a hasty induction. In his essay on the inequalities among mankind, he maintains that savage life is superior to civilized—a notion which, being contrary to the sober judgment of the enlightened world, no well-informed, well-balanced head could adopt. In his *Emelius*, treating of education, he lays down, as his fundamental principle, that every thing should be left to nature—a principle which needs but to be stated to be refuted.

2. His works evince inconsistency. In the one last noticed he draws a lively and affecting picture of Jesus. But in the same work in which he records this beautiful vindication of the blessed Jesus and his Gospel, he attempts to stab both to the heart, by representing Christ as an impostor, and his Gospel as founded upon false pretensions.

3. Absurdity. Though he courted flattery and relished favor, he was accustomed, late in life, to insult those who offered him the incense of their praise, and to interpret the world's approbation of him as a persecution instituted against him by literary men.

His conduct bears no less evident marks of ill-disciplined mind. It is characterized by extravagance. His demeanor in youth provoked his father to drive him from home; early in his apprenticeship he steals from his master, and runs away to avoid the consequences; next we hear of him as a footman, in which situation he repeats the crime of theft, adding to it that of perjury; escaping from service again, he is an outcast and a vagabond; soon we see him seeking shelter and food in a monastery, and anon breaking away to go through a series of adventures, till necessity brought him again to the door of the Church. But these are his years of boyhood. Let us trace his manhood. Dissatisfied with an occupation of his own choosing, he aspires to political favor; receiving it at the hands of Montague, he quarrels with his patron, and quits in disgust a post he had sought with avidity. Becoming an author, he attracts the popular praise

by an opera, and then turns it into a storm of wrath by a letter on French music. By his work on education he draws from Parliament upon his favorite pages a condemnation to the flames, and upon his person a sentence of imprisonment; he provokes his native city, as he seeks an asylum within her walls, to close her gates against him, and send her hangman to burn his writings; he rouses the populace of Neufchatel, the city of his refuge, to compel him to flee at peril of his life; causes Berne to drive him from Peter's Island in the most inclement season of the year; and induces England, who opened a peaceful bosom for his weary head, to look upon his retreating footsteps with the indignation due to a flying ingrate. Persecution, in itself, is no proof of a want of duly regulated mind, but when it comes from all parties it is *prima facie*. Rousseau was persecuted alike by Catholic France and Protestant Geneva; by fickle Paris and steady London; by pious bishops and infidel philosophers; by the unthinking crowd and the meditative Hume. We can understand how a man of good sense may, in this wicked world, in defense of some high and holy principle, provoke the opposition of all parties, but not how such a one can do so in endeavoring to *upset* all righteous principle.

Rousseau's conduct also is stamped with inconsistency. He writes a pastoral for the stage, and then inveighs bitterly against theatrical corruption. He praises integrity, yet changes his religion twice—once for bread, and once for protection. He writes a treatise on education, and commits his own children to the foundling hospital. While an infidel at heart, he professes the Christian religion. Advocating the purest morality, he is, by his own confession, a thief, a liar, and a debauchee. It was at an advanced age that he said, "I have been a rogue, and am still so for trifles which I had rather take than ask for." In reference to his licentiousness, his perfidy, and his want of natural affection, nothing need be said to those who know his history.

His conduct in many particulars is absurd. While with a stubborn infidelity he rejects the Christian religion, though his mind perceives its evidence and his heart feels its purity, he receives with an easy faith the baseless systems of French philosophy, which teach that animal vigor is the perfection of man, and animal pleasure the acme of human happiness. He maintains the sufficiency of reason to discover a complete and comfortable scheme of natural religion, yet confesses himself agitated and distressed with his doubts. Professing love for men, he employs his matchless arts to infuse into their minds the poison which corrupts his own. Pretending to teach the science of happiness, he curses his own birth as a misfortune. Priding himself upon the inductive philosophy, he amuses himself with fanciful hypotheses. Strange compound of vice and virtue, ignorance and wisdom, prayer and blasphemy, faith and skepticism! It is easy to see in his mind the preponderating influence of imagination. Says Madame de Stael: "I

believe that imagination was the strongest of his faculties, and that it had almost absorbed all the rest. He dreamed rather than existed; and the events of his life might be said more properly to have passed in his mind than without him—"a mode of being" which did not hinder him from observing, but rendered his observations erroneous. His imagination sometimes interposed between his reason and his affections, and destroyed their influence."

A few questions and inferences, and I have done. Have not those who have impaired their power of belief some excuse for skepticism? No more than the drunkard, who, by his intemperance, has disqualified himself for the practice of virtue. Are they not, however, deserving of peculiar sympathy? No more than the Christian, who professes Christ in prospect of the stake; the difficulty of belief in the one case is not greater than the difficulty of obedience in the other. Is not the case of such a one hopeless? Nay; because the will has power over belief. Gen. Taylor, when asked the secret of his success at Buena Vista, said, "During all that bloody and unequal conflict, I never allowed myself for one moment to *doubt* that I should be victor;" and he expressed in these words a truth which every man feels. Moreover, the skeptic acts in common affairs on doubtful evidence. He can not demonstrate that he will succeed in business; that his money will pass; that his food will nourish him. If he has faith enough to preserve his natural life and secure his temporal welfare, he has enough to secure his spiritual life and provide for his eternal welfare.

If the want of proper mental balance disqualifies for correct judgment, does it not exonerate us from all blame for our errors? Nay; because the balancing of the mind is as much in our power as the subjugation of the affections, or the regulation of the life. I close with a few inferences:

1. Though a mind may be incapable of arriving at a correct judgment, it may, nevertheless, by reason of the charms of eloquence or other advantages which it may possess, be the means of misleading others. Rousseau's essays upon the effect of the sciences, and the origin and progress of society, were among the fruitful seeds whence sprang the French Revolution of 1789—seeds which have reproduced themselves in the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848; mere logical sequences of that of 1789, and which are now leavening the whole mind of Europe, not with the principles of rational liberty, but with the various forms of socialism, radicalism, and red revolutionism.

2. The friend of man should aim, not merely at the diffusion of knowledge, but at the proper training of mind. Schools, presses, books, lyceums, lectures are not enough. We must have institutions with courses of instruction so arranged as to produce well-proportioned and well-regulated intellect.

3. Nor is the regulation of the intellect all that is necessary. The sensibilities and the will must

be developed and trained. The intellect itself is often well balanced. How rarely does the world produce a well-developed man! Look into the Bible, and you may easily find a person distinguished in one or more particulars. A Peter, for example, gifted both in intellect and sensibilities, but deficient in will; a Solomon, mighty in intellect and will, but wanting in sensibilities. Rarely do you meet with a Moses or a Paul, equally able to reach a conclusion, feel an obligation, or execute a purpose. Look into profane history, and you meet the same difficulty. There are Aristotles who reason; Sapphos who can sing you almost into delirium with their utterances of intense emotion; and Alexanders who put forth will, till you tremble as in the presence of the Almighty; but not often do we meet with a Socrates, presenting, in fair and beautiful proportions, all the capacities and susceptibilities of exalted manhood. Nor have modern nations, with all their boasted advancements, been more fortunate than ancient. Here are the Bacons, with peerless reason; there the Napoleons, with matchless will; and there the Byrons, with morbid passions; but where are the Luthers—good, sound, symmetrical men?

4. The tendencies of the age seem to oppose the full development of humanity. Let me be understood. I refer not now to the proposed improvements in education, which have a direct tendency to make monsters instead of men; but to the progressive division of labor. It is separating society into castes as distinct as those of India. There is one class running into brain, another into tongue, another into eye, another into foot, and another into hand, so that it will soon take the whole human race to make one great human animal. The different classes are like so many wheels in some great complicated machine, each one worthless without the rest, and each individual, instead of being the world in epitome, is like a cog in a cog-wheel. I grant that this division of labor secures wealth, art, and civilization; and if the great object of God in creating man was to beautify the world, I would have no objection; but if not? God does not create man for the world, but the world for man.

WORKING FOR ETERNITY.

"I PAINT for eternity," said Zeuxis, a celebrated painter of antiquity. Every individual now living is doing work for eternity; but a mother, to whom is committed the training of a mortal immortal, is emphatically painting for eternity. Here is the hand that is delineating features on a canvas which will retain its characters "far into the other world." Great and fearful is the weight of responsibility resting upon her, and dreadful will be the account she must give at last, should she prove recreant to the trust reposed in her. Yet how few, with this responsibility before them, strive in any just way to meet its claims!

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLIN.

BY PROFESSOR E. S. LIPPITT.

"THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!" Like David of old, who wept over Saul and Jonathan, who were "lovely and pleasant in their lives," we would weep over the great, the good man who has fallen in our midst. Though we knew the feebleness of his health, we felt no fears of his sudden demise, knowing, also, his constant infirmity for many years. Hence, were shocked at the news, "He is dead!" Like the leaning tower of Pisa, we thought that, though not upright, he might yet long remain an object of admiration and love, in his exalted purity and power. But the yielding sands gave way, and, lo! prostrate in the dust lies this gigantic tower of mental symmetry and moral beauty. Truly, "how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

STEPHEN OLIN was the son of Judge Olin, of Vermont, and was born March 2, 1797. He graduated at Middlebury College, in his native state, with the highest honors of his class. It was here he laid the foundation of that infirmity that was to dim his light, and dwarf his usefulness, and, finally, lay him in the tomb. He was a hard student; and adds another to the list of ripe scholars who have martyred the body for the benefit of the soul, and another to the list of giant minds that God has removed from the midst of their labor. But "God can bury his workmen, and carry on his work." Say not that they have lived in vain; for their light, the light of a noble example, yet shines upon us, while their spirits, with developed power, are grappling with the philosophy of heaven. He remarked to our class once concerning his method of study when in college. In the study of the mental and moral sciences, he said he was accustomed to write an analysis of each lesson, and commit it to memory, and then to read the text in connection with each division, and then, repeating his analysis, repeat also to himself all the thoughts embraced under each division as he recollected them. Thus he prepared himself for the recitation-room. He assured us that this method pursued had given him, in a great measure, his precision of language, as well as his power over it. In all respects he was a ripe scholar at graduation, with a mind thoroughly disciplined, to which he added, in after years, stores of valuable information. Soon after graduation he was obliged, on account of failing health, to go south. He removed to South Carolina, and was elected Principal of Tabernacle Academy. While holding this position he was converted, and was soon after licensed to preach. At that time he was decidedly skeptical in his views, or trying to be; and, knowing the snare which he had escaped, he could never sufficiently warn us of the danger of harboring such notions, but incited us by the most urgent appeals to entire trust in the

merits of Christ. After his conversion he commenced preaching under the presiding elder, who took him with him to close his meetings with an exhortation. But he soon showed such power as a preacher that he exchanged places with the elder. In 1824 he joined the conference on trial, and was stationed at Charleston. But his health failed, and, after six months of labor, he was obliged to leave the city. He was sent to Charleston again in 1825; but he was again compelled to leave the city; and he located, after bearing a supernumerary relation for two or three years. In 1827 he married a Miss Bostwick, of Milledgeville, Ga., a lady of great beauty of character. She died while on his continental trip in Europe, and was buried in Naples in 1839. In 1830 he was called to the chair of English Literature in the University of Georgia; but did not long retain the office. In 1832 he was called to a professorship in Franklin College, Georgia; and soon after to the Presidency of Randolph Macon College, Virginia. He entered upon the duties of the last office in 1834, and in them more than met the expectations which the prestige of his name had excited. But he was again obliged to give up all professional labor, and seek health in foreign travel. He left in 1837, and spent several years on the continent of Europe and in the Holy Land. The results of his travel were presented in those admirable volumes, entitled, "Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land." Though lacking the humorous sketches of Stevens, and the critical investigations of Robinson, especially in philology and antiquities, yet, in a simple, easy style, these volumes convey to the reader all the chief topics of interest that could present themselves to an earnest Christian mind. After three years' absence he returned; and, finding it impossible to live in the south, he returned north; and in 1842 was elected President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. The year following he was married to Miss Julia Lynch, the daughter of the Hon. Judge Lynch, of New York, who now remains his widow, with one little son, who seems to have received the mantle of his father. May she receive of the tender mercies of our God, in this her hour of deep affliction, as she is receiving the earnest sympathies of all the students of the University, who have known only to love her!

I entered the University just after Dr. Olin became President; and I propose, in the remainder of my article, to present the reader with such recollections of him as may occur, premising, that to no man did I look with more veneration and love, nor in the presence of any other did I feel my own soul so dwarfed, as in the presence of this our beloved President. In the language of another, "my soul seemed to take off its hat in his presence."

In physical appearance he was a giant, standing six feet six; yet he was finely proportioned, erect, not obese nor yet slim, but a large and noble frame. His head was very large; his forehead high, wide, prominent, massive. His eyes were blue and small,

deeply set in their sockets, and ordinarily rather dull, but when he was excited shone with great brilliancy and expression. His walk was slow and measured, well becoming his massive frame; his mien majestic and commanding, and his whole physical character calculated to inspire admiration and reverence.

In his social relations he was one of the most affectionate men we ever knew. His whole being was love—love wide and comprehending—love that gushed forth in Christian sympathy with all-embracing fullness. He seemed capable of bestowing a love in proportion to his stature. How far above most men! And O, how pure, how unselfish was that love! If it was thus he appeared to friends, how must he have lavished upon his family a wealth of affection and tenderness few in this world are so blessed as to receive! This affection was not either the gracious nod from Olympus; but he descended, without appearing to do so, to all the intimate and delicate manifestations of that affection. Yea, he delighted in these outward tokens of the sacred fount that bubbled up, clear and pure, from the crystal depths of his heart, and gushed forth in one constant stream of holy sympathy. There was no restraint in his manner. All his soul seemed to be open to you in frankness and simplicity. When in his presence we felt that we were in the presence of a father. Students, when called before him, were usually compelled, by his frankness and manifested confidence in them, never to dissemble. Few could go before him and meet the gaze of that eye, which seemed to read the very soul; and do aught but confess the truth. And I have often thought that it would be punishment enough for any one who could be thus guilty, to *feel* that he had deceived one who was so open, confiding, and unsuspecting.

It was his constant theme to the students—the cultivation of high and holy moral principles. In the chapel how often have we listened to the rich treasures of thought and illustration that he brought from the storehouse of his mind, to urge upon us the necessity of living up to some exalted moral standard! His language to us was ever to choose the *right*, the *good*, the *true*, and adhere to them whatever it might cost. Was any act committed by the students which called for censure? With what pained feelings he referred to it! and then, making the act the embodiment of some principle, he would portray the evil tendencies of that principle with a power and earnestness that carried conviction to every serious mind. His government over us was mild and gentle, yet stern and decisive. He did not scold nor threaten, but he *acted* promptly, energetically, without fear or favor, when duty called. If a student had committed some flagrant act, a public acknowledgment must be made, or he must leave. I remember an instance which will illustrate the point:

Our class had desired a holiday one afternoon for some purpose which we deemed sufficient, and,

therefore, applied to the professor who was to hear our class that afternoon to excuse us from our recitation. But this he refused to do. The class thereupon took the half day *volens volens*, omitting the recitation, and spending it as we desired. The class were reasoned with by the professor, and urged to make some acknowledgment. But this they refused to do. The next night, after prayers, the Doctor requested us to stop. He called us forward before him, and then gave us a mild but earnest lecture upon the nature of law and the duty of obedience. He then mentioned the unpleasant circumstances in which we were placed toward our teachers, and said that he had written a paper which he thought would settle the matter, and which would be satisfactory to all concerned. We thought by the mild manner toward us that he was about to propose a compromise, which we deemed a victory; or at least that he was in a manner to condemn us, though in reality to condemn the professor. Never were students more deceived. The paper contained a full, frank, and humble acknowledgment of our error, and an expression of our sorrow, and a pledge of future obedience. After having read it, he remarked that he presumed that we all would sign it without hesitation, adding, ominously, *that those who did not would pack their trunks, and leave the college premises in the morning.* I need not say that the paper was signed with no hesitancy on our parts, and ever after we felt it was not safe to trifle with college laws.

His whole soul was given to the interests of the University, and he often mourned his inability to be actively engaged among the students. But when among them, they all felt that he was their friend, one who had a great interest in their welfare. He took pleasure in inquiring into their plans for life, and often added his advice and counsel. So great was this confidence in his solicitude for them, that they often sought aid from him in the choice of pursuits, or in marking out a course of reading. He ever sought to impress upon our minds the grandeur of Christianity, and to enforce upon us the obligation of meeting all its requirements. Especially did he seek to instil into our hearts a zeal for missionary enterprises, and a heart-felt interest for the conversion of the world. Hence, we see Williams, who graduated in 1844, leaving for the shores of Africa. But O, how soon to sleep beneath its burning sands! And afterward White, my chum for two years, gave up all, and in China to-day is preaching the truths of the Gospel to them that sit in darkness. And others, I doubt not, under his instructions first awakened to a zeal for the salvation of the heathen, many others, shall go forth to the missionary field. And O, how beautiful upon the mountain-top are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace! To beget such high Christian daring and self-sacrifice for the cross is surely not to live in vain. But not alone in heathen lands is seen the fruit of his labors; but over the United States, east, west, north, and south;

amid the rocky hills of New England and the gold-ribbed rocks of California; amid the snows of the north and the orange-groves of the south, the ripening fruit of his influence upon those brought under his care is filling the air with fragrant odor, and giving promise of a glorious harvest.

Those who have read his baccalaureate addresses to the graduating classes, will have perceived how deeply he felt for their future well-being, and how earnestly he strove to kindle in them the most ardent longings for a life of true and exalted greatness, because a life of exalted holiness.

A great man, he used to remark, was not he who read the most, but he who thought the most. He was great who revolved great thoughts in his mind, and made great and pure principles his rule of action. Hence, he urged us to seek for the first principles of things, and to struggle for the mastery of wide, comprehending, and far-reaching causes. To incite to deep and earnest thought, was a higher aim than imparting merely the graces of an education.

He took a peculiar interest in the spiritual welfare of the students; especially of those preparing for the ministry. How many now on fields of labor in our various conferences, look back to his influence and advice that decided them to toil for perishing souls! After they left the institution his interest in them did not cease, but often his eye followed them, often his pen counseled them, urging them to the performance of their high duties with holy zeal and unwearied study and preparation. God wanted no idlers in his vineyard. He used to remark, that the highest intellectual power, sanctified by the grace of God, was the most powerful engine for good in the world; that we should seek for the highest intellectual culture and the most comprehending knowledge, that we might lay it upon the altar of God, and go forth in the spirit of Christ to conquer the world; that an archangel's intellectual power, could man possess it, dedicated to the service of God, would be the most exalted offering we could bring; that *learning* was not an evil, but only *unsanctified learning*.

If he was a giant in body, he was Titanic in intellect. Few of the sons of men have ever reached a like mental altitude. His mind was acute and profound; his perceptions quick, seemingly intuitive; his conclusions seemed rather inspirations than the results of reasoning and judgment. Though his enfeebled health disqualified him for protracted study and reading, yet what he lacked in acquired learning he made up in profound, original thought and observation. Hence, in originality, profundity, and broad comprehensiveness of thought, I have never seen his equal. But I can not find language justly to express the full portrait of his mental character. I believe he had few peers in this or other lands, in this or other times.

Above all other characteristics of greatness was the greatness of his moral character. This was an overshadowing element of majesty in his character,

like the overshadowing presence of the cloud and flame on Sinai, that turned all its earthy rocks into sapphire. Yet, exalted as he was, he felt himself as a child. Humility, like the great exemplar, Christ, sat as a garment upon him. In all the daily walk of life he gave the energies of his mind to the service of the humblest of men, feeling that his labor was honored as much as if he had spent it for princes. Dwelling himself in the high, pure regions of truth and virtue, he ever sought to bring others up to the same empyrean heights.

The basis of this high morality was religion—a humble and entire consecration of all he had and was upon the altar of his God. For all the duties of religion he had the greatest reverence. And his whole life seemed devoted to the great object of walking humbly in the footsteps of his divine Master, and of spreading abroad the knowledge of a Savior crucified in all its saving power. To this he brought all the towering capacities of his soul, all the treasures of his mind, the activities of the body; to this he devoted his soul, body, and life. And who that has known him will not acknowledge that he patterned more closely Christ than any other they ever knew? O how at prayers in the chapel, with almost inspiration, has he unfolded the relations we sustain to God through Christ, and all the wonder-working influence of the Gospel and the Holy Spirit upon the heart! And O, how strong, how fervent his supplications for that power from on high that would sanctify us wholly! Few could listen to his prayers, and not feel that a faith that was godlike in power was drawing him to the cross. Few could listen, evening after evening, to his soul poured out in earnest entreaty and supplication for their good, and not feel thrown around the hallowed restraints of those prayers.

As a preacher he had few equals. Not that he was what might be called by some an eloquent man, not a graceful orator, not a finished rhetorician—at least he did not make rhetoric prominent before you, so as to suggest the page in Jamieson—but noted for deep, commanding thought and an earnestness of style that held the largest audiences chained for two hours, his usual length of a sermon. He had few gestures, and these well chosen. At times his long arm would be extended horizontally before him, and the hand would have a quivering motion, that, in connection with the thought, sent the blood tingling along every remote artery of the system; sometimes both hands would be extended in this manner. He usually read his text, then shut the Bible, and commenced. He had no divisions, as first, second, third, etc.; but you could always perceive the most beautifully adjusted frame-work of each discourse, though clothed with the vivid and glowing imagery of his thoughts. His enunciation was distinct; but at times it seemed as if the rushing torrent of thought choked his utterance. He always labored in the pulpit, the perspiration standing in drops upon his forehead, and his handkerchief becoming literally wet, during his

sermon, with wiping away the moisture of his brow. Who that has heard him can forget his ministrations? There was an unction in his preaching that always brought the blessing of God upon those that heard him. He was very lucid. I have often heard it remarked by those that heard him, that the truths he presented seemed so simple that they wondered they had never thought of them, or how they had never thought of them in that relation before. He was not what might be called an imaginative preacher; and yet his thoughts, far-reaching and profound, were so fused by passion that they poured one molten stream of overwhelming brilliancy and power upon the soul. At times he seemed like some seraph, that scattered from his plumes the fragrance of heaven, and sprinkled us with the waters from Siloa's stream, that flowed fast by the oracles of God. I recollect once that he delivered a baccalaureate sermon to one of the graduating classes, which he had written. He attempted to read it; but it trammelled him excessively, and we perceived that it worried him. Soon he laid his papers aside, put off his glasses, and then, for more than an hour, poured forth such a continuous stream of powerful, brilliant, earnest thought as I never expect again to hear.

Few of those that heard him will ever forget a talk he gave us in the college one college fast-day. There had been, and it had not ceased, a most powerful revival in college, in which all but seven had been converted. During the whole series of meetings he had been unable to attend, on account of ill health. Near the close of the revival a college fast occurred, and a general class meeting was held by the students in the college, which was also attended by several clergymen from the city, and by the Faculty with their families. Dr. Olin wrapped his cloak around him, and came also. During the meeting many of the young converts spoke. At length Olin arose, and said that he wanted to say a word, remarking that he would not speak but fifteen minutes. His subject was faith; and for one hour and a quarter he held us entranced. Such an unfolding of the atonement and the nature and effects of faith, such a power of illustration, such a majesty of conception and sublimity of utterance, I never heard before, nor do I expect to hear again till my feet stand on Zion's hill. At times all were bathed in tears, and then roused into triumphant exultation; then filled with calm and holy joy. Dr. Holdich, then professor, is said to have remarked, that it was the greatest uninspired effort he had ever read or heard. An incident may show its power. There was one of the students who had resisted all the entreaties of his mates to seek the salvation of his soul. He came in, as he said, to that meeting through curiosity. He went to his room, saying to himself, "If the way by faith be thus simple, surely I can try." He knelt alone in his room that night, and there was converted to God.

But he sleeps at last; and in his death exhibited

the crowning glory of his life. It was a triumph. It was the calm resting of the wearied head on the bosom of his Savior.

His life was one long path of light—not the gleaming path of some shooting star, but the steady, pure brilliancy of the milky way, and a light that shines on, though he sleeps, reflected from hundreds who have come within the sphere of his influence.

On a beautiful hill west of the University, in the college cemetery, side by side with the sainted Fisk, he reposes. The tomb of each shall be a shrine for the devout worshiper, whither they shall oft go up to meditate. Oft as the annual feast occurs shall his students go up, from all parts of the Union, to pay their homage at the grave of Olin. And though freed from the infirmities of clay, his spirit now soars on angelic wings high amid the seraph throng above; yet the simplicity, the purity, the meekness of his life, exhibiting the power of the Gospel of Christ, shall shine from the marble that marks his bed, and, powerfully influence all who go thither with loving hearts, with sorrowing hearts to recollect Stephen Olin.

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.

BY MRS. E. C. GARDINER.

A HAPPY year, a bright new year,
A year undimmed by sorrow's tear,
A year to love, to friendship dear,
I wish for thee, my Mary!

The sunshine of the heart be thine;
The star of Hope, with light divine,
Softly upon thy pathway shine,
And bless the year, my Mary!

Sad, pensive thoughts my lyre unstring;
Their mournful memories they bring,
And gloomy shadows densely fling
Across my path, my Mary.

Loved friends, the beautiful and dear,
Who with me welcomed the old year,
Lie coldly in the graveyard drear—
They sleep in death, my Mary.

The new year comes; but at its close
Perchance the chilly, wintry snows
May o'er our pulseless hearts repose;
For all must die, my Mary.

Yet in a fairer, better land,
Among the glorious angel band,
Who round the throne eternal stand,
Shall we not meet, my Mary?

A happy year, a bright new year,
A year undimmed by sorrow's tear,
A year to love, to friendship dear,
I wish for thee, my Mary!

LETTER FROM THE EAST.

BY JONATHAN.

Visit to Bishop Hedding—His health—His early history—Dr. Olin—Reminiscences of him—His conversion—Sanctification—Preaching.

Mr. Eorron.—Since my last letter, I have had the pleasure of visiting our venerable senior Bishop at Poughkeepsie. We of the eastern states have considered him as peculiarly *our* bishop. He was originally a New England itinerant, was elected to the Episcopal office from New England, and during many after years resided in New England. His home is now not far beyond our border, and he has been, till his late illness, the Episcopal counselor of our eastern preachers. So far, then, as local sympathies are allowed to discriminate our excellent superintendents, Bishop Hedding is especially the favorite of New England, endeared, not only by his actual excellences, but by old recollections.

He resides in a very comfortable but unpretending dwelling in a pleasant part of Poughkeepsie. His home is not too ample for his small family—which consists of himself and lady, besides a servant—nor too limited for the hospitality which befits the head-officer of a great Christian community. I was favorably surprised at his healthy aspect; for the reports of his late illness led me to suppose him to be on the very verge of the grave. He rose up, and heartily approached me with an extended hand, showing as much vivacity as I have seen in him for several years. Two or three hours were spent in well-sustained conversation in his study or his garden. He had even been out during the day, to consecrate a marriage at the neighboring Methodist chapel; and, in the cheerful consciousness of improved health, he ventured to express the hope, that he might meet his brethren in the next General conference, to shake their hands, if not to undertake any official labor.

It must not be inferred, however, that his health is not still in a very precarious condition. His old complaint, the asthma, contracted by excessive winter labors, on northern circuits, in his early life, afflicts him much. He can not walk far without great difficulty of breathing; he is subject to severe effects from the changes of the weather, and is entirely incapable of using his voice in the pulpit. He is, in fine, liable at any moment to be called to the presence of his Master, and lives in continual readiness for his change. Still it may be hoped that his habitual precautions will prevent any evil effects from the present winter, and that the representatives of our extended cause will see his venerable form once more in their quadrennial meeting.

Bishop Hedding is usually supposed to be a native of New England. New England, so prolific in great men, has given birth to several of our bishops—to Soule, Hamline, and Janes—but she can not claim this honor in respect to Hedding.

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He was born in the county where he now resides, in the state of New York, but removed about his tenth year to Stacksboro, Vt. It was here that he was born again, in about his sixteenth year; and in this higher sense does his nativity belong to New England.

His rustic home at this early date was far beyond the reach of the regular ministrations of Methodism; but there lived not far off a worthy and devout Methodist couple, who had removed thither from Connecticut, and who held meetings for their neighbors in their humble dwelling. Young Hedding attended these little assemblies in the wilderness; the pious matron of the cottage became interested in his spiritual welfare. She loaned him Methodist books, and taught him, in conversations, the leading peculiarities of our system. He has often referred to this "elect lady" as the chief instrument of his salvation.

While thus seeking light in the wilderness, a Methodist preacher arrived in the vicinity—a stanch, heroic evangelist—Joseph Mitchell. Hedding hastened, with the neighboring yeomanry, to hear him, and was powerfully smitten under the truth. On his way home he turned aside into a forest, and kneeling upon the earth, under the shade of a tree, called upon God, and covenanted with him to pursue a holy life. Subsequently his religious emotions became intensely excited, even to anguish, and day and night he sought relief in prayer.

The itinerant returned; and, learning the perplexity and despair of the young inquirer, proposed, after preaching, that special prayer should be offered up for him. The rustic assembly continued in supplications till the divine light broke in upon his spirit. The day of his deliverance has always been a memorable date in his history—it was the 27th of December, 1798.

Some months after this event the noted Lorenzo Dow was traveling the old Essex circuit, of Vermont. Dow was a good man, an indomitable and indefatigable evangelist, but eccentric to a degree which our modern medical science would pronounce lunacy. While spreading a sensation all through the neighboring country, and laboring night and day as if he would storm the very gates of hell, he was suddenly seized with an idea that he was Divinely called to visit Ireland, to attempt the conversion of its demoralized population. Procuring a leaky canoe, and erecting in it a small tree for a sail, he departed alone down a neighboring river, reached the St. Lawrence, and embarked for Ireland. This odd fact opened the way for the beginning of the ministry of Elijah Hedding. He was sent to supply the vacated circuit. He traveled it some three months, "exhorting," but without venturing to take a text. Being subsequently licensed as a "local preacher," he was sent to Plattsburg circuit, N. Y., where he was reappointed in 1801. There he labored mightily, through a range of three hundred miles, preaching daily, leading class meetings, holding prayer meetings, and building up the

young societies. His travels reached into Canada; he had to traverse forests, swim streams, and sleep in log-cabins, through the roofs of which the rain and snow often descended on his bed; but he was young and stalwart, and ardent with the zeal of his new work.

His next appointment—1802—was Fletcher circuit, which reached from Onion river in Vermont to beyond the Canada line, and comprised the settlements west of the Green Mountains and east of Lake Champlain. He had, as fellow-laborer on this vast circuit, a character noted in our early annals—Henry Ryan, an athletic Irishman, who passed over the country like a flame of fire. When the two preachers met at the point where their routes intersected, Ryan, it is said, could hardly be stopped for the usual courtesies, but, urging his way, would exclaim to his young colleague, "Drive on! drive on, brother! let us drive the devil out of the land!" A rough salutation, but quite expressive of the itinerant energy of our early ministry. They had severe persecutions in that then remote region, but flaming revivals also; and the foundations of some flourishing Churches were laid.

On his next circuit—1803—which embraced some thirteen towns, he was alone, and had to preach two sermons, and sometimes three, a day, traveling about a hundred miles a week. An extraordinary revival resulted from his labors; but he sunk under them, and has never been in good health since. I have heard him remark, that for six weeks he could not turn himself on his bed or lift food to his lips, and during four months he was unable to walk across his room. He, nevertheless, so far recovered as to resume his labors, and pursue them on various and extended circuits and districts in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, till 1824, when he was elected to the Episcopacy. He had a full share of the labors and privations of our early itineracy. On one of his districts he traveled three thousand miles a year, and preached daily, besides holding love-feasts, quarterly conferences, etc. At the end of the year his whole receipts for salary—besides traveling expenses, which were small, as he owned his horse, and lodged with the brethren—amounted to four dollars and twenty-five cents. He saw, however, the glory of God displayed along his course. The multitudes often fell under the word to the earth. On one occasion, at a camp meeting, he saw "about five hundred persons fall down as if shot, in five minutes," under a powerful sermon. Whatever explanation may be given to such a phenomenon, it must, at least, be taken as indicative of the energy of the preaching of the day.

Since his elevation to the Episcopacy, Bishop Hedding has stood before the Church as noble a model of character, personal and official, as its ministerial hosts have afforded. He has a commanding *physique*, being tall, robust, and robed, as it were, with that simple dignity which usually accompanies true greatness. His head and physiog-

nomy are very marked, the features large, and expressive at once of great strength and benignity; the forehead elevated, and yet gradually retreating, resembling the finest heads of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Vandyke—those from which we get an idea of the old nobility of Europe. Looking only at his personal aspect and bearing, a stranger inclined to aristocratic sentiments would spontaneously say, "That man was made to be a king in the state or a bishop in the Church."

I shall not attempt a moral or intellectual portraiture of this superb old apostle. It may be remarked, however, that throughout all his traits simplicity and accuracy predominate. His manners are as simple as those of a little child, and you are reminded in his presence of our Lord's remark on entering as little children into the kingdom of heaven. His diction, in the pulpit and in conversation, is marked by Saxon purity, and consequent terseness; and his thoughts, however profound, strike you always by their lucid simplicity.

This is the art of a great mind, as well as the virtue of a great heart. All truth is simple, and he that sees truth most thoroughly expresses it most simply; and thence arises the other trait I have mentioned—the *accuracy* of Bishop Hedding's mind. I never knew a judgment of his, whether official or private, turn out to be incorrect. I was conversing the other day with an old Methodist layman who has known him for nearly half a century, and was years ago under his pastoral charge. He remarked that he never knew an opinion advanced by his old pastor which had to be recalled or materially modified. It has come, indeed, to be the fact that Bishop Hedding's construction of a case of either Discipline or casuistry, is received among us as next to infallible. Such a mind, presiding over a great public interest, is an inestimable blessing—one of the grandest gifts of God to men.

I hope I shall not be considered as transgressing the proprieties of a public writing like this, by these spontaneously uttered remarks on a great and good man, who is about passing away from our affectionate gaze. It is probable they will not come under his own eye; and if they should, he will experience no other effect from them than a disposition to pardon what he will consider their thoughtless freedom.

Another noble name has recently been mournfully current in our public prints—that of Stephen Olin. Your western readers can not appreciate the loss the Church has sustained in the death of this great man, as he never passed the mountains, and has been heard by few of them. I do not introduce his name here to record the newspaper outline of his history, with which the whole country has recently been made familiar, but to give a few reminiscences and impressions respecting him.

While walking one beautiful Sabbath morning on the veranda of the Presidential mansion of the Wesleyan University, he related to me the circumstances of his conversion. I have now under my

eye a brief memorandum of the conversation. His family were Baptists, in Vermont. When a boy the Methodist itinerants began to visit his neighborhood; they soon made it a regular fortnight appointment. He heard them often, and became convinced of the falsity of the Calvinistic doctrines, and abandoned them. It is singular that the strong and evidently constitutional moral susceptibility of his nature did not yield farther to the impressions of the truth. He embraced more generous views of the Gospel, but not the Gospel itself, and remained unconverted through his youth.

On graduating at Middlebury, Vt., his health had so far declined that he was recommended by his medical advisers to go to the south. He obtained a school in the midst of southern planters, and boarded in the family of a Methodist local preacher. At this time he had no religious tendencies, but was decidedly skeptical. One day he overheard the mother of the family inquiring of her son, who attended his school, whether the teacher opened it with prayer. On receiving a negative answer, she dropped some observations which led young Olin to consider the subject. He came to the conclusion that it would be for his own interest to conform to the former usage of the school in this respect; he esteemed it an idle form, but still, as a gratification of the religious prejudices of the neighborhood, and no great inconvenience to himself, he resolved to commence it. He went out to a neighboring woods, and attempted a prayer, to ascertain if he could succeed in the proposed experiment. Being satisfied with the result, he announced to the school his design, and maintained it habitually.

Some time afterward he found that the mere form thus singularly introduced began to suggest many sober queries. He became serious in the ceremony; he often asked himself what it was he was thus doing, and at last began in good earnest to call upon God for the salvation of his soul. Resorting to the tree where he first made his experiment, and prostrating himself penitently before the Lord, he ceased not to pray till he received the transforming grace of the Spirit. He described this change as remarkably sudden and powerful, producing no slight physical effect even. It was as a shock of electricity, startling his whole frame, and thrilling his soul with divine emotion. Thus did the local scene of the young infidel's mock experiment at prayer witness at last the heart-broken utterances of his penitent and prevailing supplications, and the regeneration of his soul. How marvelous is the grace of our merciful God!

Hitherto he had designed to make the law his profession. He was at this time under engagements with a lawyer in a neighboring town, with whom he was about to commence legal studies. Without definitely deciding upon what should be his future employment, he passed from under the shade of the tree which had witnessed his prayer with the conviction, that, as he was now determined to live only for eternity, the bar was not his appropriate place.

He started the same day, I think, to make known his new determination to his legal friend, but tarried on the route one night. When he awoke in the morning, a terrible conflict of soul almost overwhelmed him. Doubts of the genuineness of the preceding day's experience were suggested; his purpose to change the professional plan of his life appeared absurd. What honors and emoluments might he not thus be sacrificing! Might not his supposed change of heart be a delusion! It was a fearful and yet a sublime crisis in the history of his young and struggling spirit. But the grace of God prevailed. The overwhelming motives of eternity bore down upon the struggle. If he was mistaken in this matter, what was the other course! what was all of life but a mistake—a farce! He fell again upon his knees, another agony of prayer ensued, and again the Divine answer overpowered his spirit, and swept away all his misgivings, determining his destiny for all time and all eternity. He rose up, pursued his course, broke off the contract with his friend, the lawyer, and became—a *Methodist preacher*.

Such were the facts of his conversion, as related to me by himself. They may differ somewhat from other narratives lately in the newspapers, but I am quite certain of their accuracy.

He was not prone to say much respecting his religious experience or himself publicly; but in social, and especially in private conversation, he delighted to testify of the grace of God as revealed in his own history. During a period of illness, while he was in Boston—where he almost always suffered under the climate—he took a ride for exercise in a carriage through the beautiful adjacent villages. I was his only companion in the excursion, and the conversation became of the most personal and familiar character, especially in reference to subjects of religious experience. I never before saw him when his spirit was more mellow, more heavenly. The simplicity of the child, the meekness of the sage, seemed blended in his person. The conversation flowed along from topic to topic with surpassing interest to myself. There was no reserve in speaking of the gracious experiences the Lord had deigned to him. He ventured even to indulge the highest confidences. God had sanctified him, soul, body, and spirit, as he believed.

The subject was one of no little interest to me. I alluded to the diversity and exceeding crudeness of recent opinions among us respecting it. "I had," he remarked, in substance, "difficulties regarding our theoretic views of the doctrine. I even joined the conference with exceptions to it, and stated my objections when a candidate before the whole body. But I was admitted, the conference expressing the hope that further inquiries would rectify my views. Years, however, passed without any modification of my opinions. But it pleased God to lead me into the truth. My health failed, my official employments had to be abandoned,

my children died, my whole family was at last gone, and I was wandering over the world alone, with scarcely any thing remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost myself in God. My affections centered in him—my will became absorbed in his. I *sunk*, as it were, into the blessing of his perfect love, and found, in my own consciousness, the reality of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted."

Some years have elapsed since this conversation. I can not pretend to give it verbally, but this was its substance. He lived through the remainder of his career in the spirit and power of the great doctrine of holiness; his views of it were remarkable for their simplicity. The usual technical subtleties and metaphysical embarrassments of theorists hardly received his consideration; he saw the simple, perfect standard of evangelic holiness; he perceived that neither himself nor the Christian world generally lived up to it; he gave himself entirely to it by laying his whole being on the altar of consecration, where he daily kept it by faith and watchfulness.

Dr. Olin was the most powerful preacher I ever heard. The assertion is made without a reserved qualification. He did not affect the orator—his manner had peculiarities which were against the laws of the art; he gesticulated badly, defying all rules; his utterance was often exceedingly defective, especially when he was powerfully excited; but such was the massive magnitude of his ideas, the majesty of his language, the comprehensiveness of his logic, sweeping in mighty curves around the whole field of his subject, and concentrating at its very core—such the earnestness of his spirit, rising often to sublimity, that you were overwhelmed, if not appalled, at the example of intellectual and moral mightiness which he presented.

His very "failures" were usually great sermons, being remarkable for their thorough thought and sound logic, when even they lacked his usual vivid feeling. His feeble health was sometimes attended with a languor which was insurmountable, under whatever excitement the public occasion might afford. He seemed not disposed to disguise his sense of such "failures," and was grateful to find any good effect from them. I spent a Sunday evening with him in Boston, after he had failed, as he thought, in a sermon during the day. He referred to it with much good-nature, and remarked that his history as a preacher had taught him to expect the blessing of God on even such efforts. He proceeded to relate an instance which occurred during his ministry in South Carolina. He preached at a camp meeting where a Presbyterian clergyman, who was to address the next session of his synod, in Charleston, heard him. The Presbyterian doctor repeated, not only the text, but substantially the sermon before his clerical brethren, giving, however, full credit to its Methodist author. This was a remarkable fact, and excited great interest among the people of Charleston to hear the latter.

He then occupied the Methodist pulpit of that city, and the next Sunday evening his chapel was crowded with the *élite* of the community, including several clergymen. He preached long, and, as he thought, loud and confusedly: in fine, he felt at the close of the discourse confounded with mortification. He sank, after the benediction, into the pulpit, to conceal himself from view till the assembly should be all gone. By and by he espied some *distingué* individuals apparently waiting in the aisle to salute him. His heart failed. Noticing a door adjacent to the pulpit, he determined to escape by it. He knew not whither it led, but supposed it communicated with the next house, which had once been a parsonage, as he recollected having heard. He hastened to the door, got it open, and, stepping out, descended abruptly into a graveyard, which extended beyond and behind the former parsonage. The night was very dark, and he stumbled about among the tombs for some time. He reached at last the wall which closed the cemetery in from the street, but found it insurmountable. Groping his way to the opposite side, he sought to reach a back street by penetrating through one of the gardens which belonged to a range of houses there. It was an awkward endeavor in the darkness and among the graves, but at last he found a wicket-gate. He had no sooner passed through it than he was assailed by a house-dog. Having prevailed in this encounter, he pushed on, and reached the street, with some very reasonable apprehensions that the neighborhood would be alarmed by his adventures. He now threaded his way through an indirect route to his lodgings, passed unceremoniously to his chamber, and shut himself up for the night, but slept little or none, reflecting, with deep chagrin, on the strange conclusion of the day. On the morrow he hardly dared to venture out; but, while yet in his study, Mr. —, one of the first citizens of Charleston, and a leading officer in a sister denomination, called at the house; he was admitted to the preacher's study with reluctance; but what was the astonishment of the latter to hear him say, that the sermon of the preceding evening had enabled him to step into the kingdom of God, after many years of disconsolate endeavors, during which he had been a member of the Church! The same day a lady of influential family came to report the same good tidings. Other similar examples occurred, I think, that morning; and this "failure" was one of the most useful sermons of his ministry.

Alas, for our loss in the death of this good and great man—our loss, but his gain! Life had been a weary pilgrimage with him for many years. Disease had smitten his gigantic frame through and through, and month after month, and year after year, passed away in languor and feebleness, which disabled him from almost all mental labor. At his time of life the hope of recovery was hardly to be entertained: was it not well, then, that he should enter into his rest, though at our loss? Peaceful

be his sleep in Jesus! Precious will ever be his memory in our Israel. Long will his name live in the memories of the just and the good.

THE POETS OF THE WEST.

BY PROFESSOR LARSEN.

THOUGH few volumes of poetry have been published by writers residing west of the Alleghany Mountains, yet there is scattered, through newspapers and magazines, every year, a sufficient amount of first-rate poetry by western writers to make a volume of respectable size. Some of our female writers have produced stanzas equal, in beauty of conception and harmony of measure, to anything I have ever read in the English language.

I purpose to furnish occasionally to the readers of the Repository a paper on the poets of the west, giving, as opportunity may offer and materials be obtained, brief biographical and personal sketches, with specimens of composition, illustrating the style and peculiar talent of each writer. In prosecuting my design, it is but natural for me to begin with the writers of my own state, and to head the list with the name of one who resides in the capital of Indiana, and who, for her talents and virtues, deserves an honored place among the choice spirits of the age.

Few, if any, of our writers, whose productions have never been collected in a volume, have written more or better than Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton. Her poems are found in various papers and magazines, and exhibit extraordinary talent and taste. Her history, though brief, is one of interest. She is a child of the west. She was born in Newport, Ky., on the banks of the Ohio, near Cincinnati. When she was yet a mere infant, some two or three years old, her father, with his family, removed to the interior of Jennings county, Ia., and settled in the wild woods.

There are in Indiana beautiful and lovely spots—groves delightful as those of Arcadia, vales delicious as Sempe, and fields fair as that

"Of Enna, where Proserpina, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was carried off."

But no such groves, nor vales, nor fields were found in that remote and cheerless region, where little Sarah T. Barrett spent the days of childhood. There were no hills nor vales, and few running brooks. Beyond the cleared opening of her father's farm, there stretched away on every side an expanse of flat beech woods. The nearest neighbor was three miles distant, and the next nearest, six miles. To provide for his family, the father toiled on from day to day, clearing the land, sowing the seed, and reaping the harvest. The mother, within the rude walls of the log-cabin, incessant plied her industrious hands, in preparing for the use of her family

the materials of food and of clothing which the father had provided. The children, as soon as they could handle the lightest implements of labor, were employed in assisting the father and the mother in whatever department their services might be available.

There would not seem much poetry in such a place and such a life; yet little Sarah, before she had attained her ninth year, and while as yet she knew not one letter of the alphabet, had actually composed a poem, which she used to sing, alone in the woods, to a tune of her own making. The circumstances under which she composed her first poem are curious. There came along one of those primitive preachers, who, in the order of Divine providence, have followed the pioneer settlers of the west to the most remote frontiers, and preached the Gospel in every neighborhood, before the first log-cabin was hardly roofed. He was a man of tall and commanding form, and of powerful yet melodious voice. To the small congregation of settlers gathered in the woods from far and near, he spoke with as much zeal, and, perhaps, as much eloquence, as did Massillon before the court of France, or Whitefield to the thousands at Moorfields. His theme was the *judgment*. He depicted the magnificent and awful scenes of the last day. Among the auditors sat enchained and spell-bound the little Sarah T. Barrett. To the measured and melodious tones of the preacher's voice her own ear vibrated in harmony. The scenes of awful grandeur, of terrific sublimity, so vividly portrayed, aroused in her soul, from its unconscious state, the spirit of Poetry. On leaving the place, she retired to a sequestered retreat of the forest, and wove the rude descriptions of the preacher into melodious verse. So soon as she learned the letters of the alphabet, her first literary exercise was the writing down of her poem in large capitals. It is a pity the copy was not preserved. It would doubtless be a curiosity now even to herself.

Though Mr. Barrett had probably little, if any, conception of the value of the rare gem that sparkled among his household jewels, yet was he not indifferent to the education of his children. For the purpose, therefore, of affording access to the means of instruction, he removed, when Sarah was nine years old, to Madison. No sooner had he become settled at Madison, than he procured for his children such advantages for education as the place afforded. The school which Sarah attended was at North Madison, on the hill, near the upper terminus of the inclined plane of the Madison and Indianapolis railroad. To reach the school-house she had to clamber daily up the hill, and, when the school hours expired, return to her home by the river-side. But to a child such as she, of vigorous health, buoyant spirit, and poetic fancy, a daily ramble over the Ohio hills was far from being disadvantageous. The physical exercises added strength to her constitution, and the romantic scenery nourished the genius of Poesy,

which the itinerant preacher's description of the *last day* had aroused in her soul.

During her early school-days she wrote several little poems, which Col. Arion, a gentleman of whom she ever speaks in the kindest terms, was pleased to publish and to praise in his paper. While yet a young girl, she became known, through her poetical effusions, to Mr. Nathaniel Bolton, a printer, who was then publishing a paper at Madison. Mr. Bolton first solicited from the youthful and talented fair one her poetical contributions for his paper, and after that, as any man of taste might reasonably and naturally have done, he solicited her hand.

During the disastrous storm that swept over the business community in 1837 and 1838, the financial interests of Mr. Bolton were nearly wrecked. To extricate himself from his difficulties, he opened a tavern on his farm, a short distance west of the city of Indianapolis. Mrs. Bolton, then scarcely seventeen years old, found herself incumbered with the care of a large dairy and a public house. To aid as much as possible in relieving her husband from embarrassment, she dispensed with help, and with her own hands, often for weeks and for months, performed all the labor of the establishment. Thus for nearly ten years this child of genius, to whose spirit song was as natural as to the bird of the green wood, cheerfully resigned herself to incessant toil and care, in order that she might aid her husband in meeting the pecuniary obligations which honesty or honor might impose.

During these long and dreary years of toil and self-denial she wrote little or nothing. At last the crisis was reached, the work was accomplished, the liabilities were liquidated, and the bird, so long caged and tuneless, was again free to soar into the regions of song.

For the last few years Mrs. Bolton has resided, with her husband and children, in a quiet little cottage in the city of Indianapolis. The income from the office of state librarian, which Mr. Bolton holds, added to other resources, affords means of competent support to the small and frugal family, and enables her to devote to literature the time that can be spared from those domestic duties, which she, like a true-hearted and right-minded wife and mother, never neglects. Her attention to household duties ought to teach to others in her sphere, that the highest gifts of genius, and their exercise, are not at all incompatible with the commonest of domestic pursuits and cares.

The most of her poems which have come under my observation, have been written within the last three or four years. There is among them great variety of subject and of measure. There are songs of the affections, elegies, songs of patriotism, songs of philanthropy, and numerous occasional or miscellaneous poems with a wide scope of subject.

From her songs of the affections we will present a few stanzas, as specimens of her genius and taste. The delicacy of poetic conception, and the

simplicity and beauty of style, in the following lines, can but be admired by every reader of taste:

"THE FLOWER AND THE STARLIGHT.

"From its home on high, to a gentle flower,
That bloomed in a lonely grove,
The starlight came at the twilight hour,
And whispered a tale of love.
Then the blossom's heart, so still and cold,
Grew warm to its silent core,
And gave out perfume, from its inmost fold,
It never exhaled before.
And the blossom slept through the silent night
In the smile of the angel ray;
But the morn arose, with its garish light,
And the soft one stole away.
Then the zephyr wooed, as he wandered by,
Where the gentle floweret grew,
But she gave no heed to his plaintive sigh;
Her heart to its love was true.
And the sunbeam came, with a lover's art,
To caress the flower in vain;
She folded her sweets in her thrilling heart,
Till the starlight came again."

The following stanzas contain poetry and philosophy in melodious measure:

"Clondlets, with their brows so fair,
In the summer weather,
Wandering through the fields of air,
Meet and blend together.
Moonlight, from its throne above,
In its fond devotion,
Trembles, with a smile of love,
O'er the mighty ocean.
Zephyr ranges summer bowers,
Fearless and unbidden,
Wooing fragrance from the flowers,
Where the dew is hidden.
Then the joy affection brings
Try no more to smother;
Taught by brightest, fairest things,
We should love each other."

Over the threshold of Mrs. Bolton's cottage the angel of death has never passed; at the fireside of home all of hers meet; at the family table no seat is vacant; the deep fountains of her heart have never been moved by the swelling tide of bereaved affection; yet, true poet as she is, she has written some of the most touching elegies in the English language. The following lines on the death of William Quarles, one of the most generous and noble men that ever trod the soil of Indiana, are, both in expression and in measure, surpassingly beautiful:

"Mournfully, mournfully toll for the dead:
He passed from our side in his manhood's pride,
Ere the glow of his rainbow hopes had fled;
When his sky was bright with meridian light,
Death bore him away to a dreamless night:
Mournfully toll for the dead.
Silently, silently let him sleep on:
From the hurry and strife of the battle of life
A victor away to his home has gone;
Gone, gone from the tears, from the sorrows and fears,
That come to the heart on the tide of years:
Silently let him sleep on.
Hopefully, hopefully lay him to rest,
Where the dew-bright flowers, in the long still hours,
Will weep o'er the sod on his pulseless breast;

Where the breeze will sigh, as it wanders by;
Where the starlight comes from its home on high:
Hopefully lay him to rest.

Solemnly, solemnly bow and adore:
An angel of light, on a pathway bright,
Conducted his soul to the viewless shore;
His dust, from the gloom of the silent tomb,
Shall arise again in immortal bloom:
Solemnly bow and adore."

From an address to a lady on the death of a darling daughter I extract the following stanzas—polished and perfect gems:

"She was a radiant star, mother,
That made thy pathway bright,
Till a cloud passed o'er thy summer sky,
And stole away its light.
It stole away the light from thee,
And hid it up on high,
Where the fairy flowers never fade,
And the lovely never die.
This world was far too cold, mother,
For such a heart as hers,
And she left it ere her eyes were dimmed
With sorrow's bitter tears.
And though, around thy quiet hearth,
She comes and sits by thee,
Her form is far too glorious now
For mortal eyes to see.
Upon thine aching heart, mother,
She lays her radiant brow;
But her angel touch is soft and light—
Thou mayest not feel it now.
She sings to thee the dear old songs
Thy lips had taught her here,
But her voice is all too sweet and low
To reach a mortal ear."

Mrs. Bolton's power of description is very great. The following picture of the battle of Monterey is hardly inferior to Byron's masterly description of the battle of Waterloo:

"O, there were trembling hearts, and sighs,
And shrieks of deep despair;
All bloodless cheeks and tearful eyes,
And wild confusion there,
When first the cannon tolled death's knell
Upon the troubled air.
On, on they came, the free and brave;
I saw their ranks advance,
Their starry banners proudly wave,
Their war-steeds gayly prance,
And all along the solid lines
The unsheathed weapons glance.
There was a sound that seemed to rend
The strong old earth in twain,
And then the battle smoke did bend
Its wings above the plain,
As though it strove to hide from heaven
The gory, ghastly slain.
Among the wounded and the dead,
Along the crimson street,
I heard the soldier's measured tread,
The sound of flying feet,
And words of bitter parting said
By friends no more to meet."

The description of "A Gallop on the Grand Prairie" makes us feel, from its peculiar measure, as if we were really bounding away over the plain:

"Away, away, on our coursers fleet,
Where the grass is green, the air is sweet,

Where the earth and sky like lovers meet,
On the Grand Prairie.

Now we are leaving the forest-trees,
Flying along like the fairy breeze,
Midst budding flowers and humming bees,
On the Grand Prairie.

On, on we speed; there is naught in sight,
But the bending sky so blue and bright,
And the glowing, sparkling sheen of light,
On the Grand Prairie.

The oppressor's tread may never stain
The glorious soil of this lovely plain,
For Liberty holds her court and reign
On the Grand Prairie."

The following stanzas afford another example of measure peculiarly appropriate to the sense. Indeed, the poetry of Mrs. Bolton generally is remarkable for well-constructed measure:

"Genius is a mighty fountain,
Gushing from a cloud-capt mountain;
Talent is a pleasant rill,
Winding round a sunny hill.
Genius is forever pouring,
Rushing, foaming, seething, roaring;
Talent sings a pleasant lay,
As it glides along its way.
Genius from its wild endeavor,
Stoppeth, resteth, never, never;
Talent loiters oft to play
With the rainbow on its spray."

I can not withhold from the reader the following inimitable lines, which express so truly, so beautifully, and in so sweet numbers, the pleasures of the ideal:

"Oft when the world is cold and dark, in seeming,
When friends I loved too well have changed or flown,
I wander far away in spirit, dreaming
Of light and beauty in a world my own.
In that transcendent realm, my soul's elysian,
I hide me from misfortune's simoon blast,
And realize hope's fondest, fairest vision,
And live and move amid the shadowy past.
I see again, in those bewitching trances,
The brightest, dearest scenes of other years;
And revel, in wild dreams and glowing fancies,
Till I forget life's cares, and toils, and tears.
There are the pictured forms of loved ones sleeping;
There are the eyes that once spoke love to mine;
And there is faithful Memory, fondly keeping
Her vigil o'er the treasures in her shrine.
The song of birds in dim old forest bowers,
The murmur of the stream where first I roved,
The music of the breeze, the breath of flowers,
Memory hath hoarded all that childhood loved.
The latest ray of loveliness, that lingers
Around my devious pathway, may depart;
But O, forbid that Time's effacing fingers
Should mar the sacred record on my heart!
When somber clouds along my life-sky darken,
When in the future not a star appears,
Still let me love the past—still let me hearken
To the sweet melodies of other years."

Mrs. Bolton is a philanthropist—a philanthropist of high and holy aspirations. In her poems are exhibited the yearnings of a spirit thrilling with sensibility to human suffering, and a soul overflowing with the love of humanity. In illustration of her devotion to the cause of active benevolence,

we would be glad to quote the whole of her poem, "Awake to Effort," but we must content ourselves with two stanzas:

"Awake to effort while the day is shining;
The time to labor will not always last,
And no regrets, repentance, nor repining
Can bring to us again the buried past.
The silent sands of life are falling fast;
Time tells our busy pulses, one by one;
And shall our work, so needful and so vast,
Be all completed, or but just begun,
When twilight shadows veil life's dim, departing sun?
The smallest bark, on life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a track behind forever more;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake."

The inequalities in human condition, the wrongs in the present organization of society, and the contrast between the noble and the peasant, are thrillingly described in the following poem. Let the reader also notice the perfection and beauty of the measure:

"TWO SCENES.

SCENE IN A PALACE.

Over the moorland the wind shrieketh drearily—
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn—
Pale is the sunlight that flashes out fitfully,
Over a dome where an infant is born.
Fold silken robes round the little one carefully;
Lay him to rest on his pillow of down;
Watch o'er the sleep of that scion of royalty,
Born to inherit a scepter and crown.
Shut out the light, that the room may be shadowy;
Fold silken curtains around the proud bed;
Ladies in waiting step softly and silently;
Let not a word in a whisper be said.
Joy in the palaces lighted so brilliantly,
Beauty and bravery are reveling there;
Wine in the jewel-wrought goblet foams daintily—
All things proclaim that the king has an heir.
Joy in the villages—church bells ring merrily—
Rockets are lighting the sky with their glare—
Bonfires are crackling, cannons are thundering,
Children are shouting, long life to the heir.
Downtrodden millions, go join in the revelry—
Go, in despite of the fetters you wear—
Vassals and beggars, and paupers right joyfully
Flutter your tatters, the throne has an heir.

SCENE IN A Hovel.

Over the moorland the wild wind wails mournfully—
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn—
Pale is the sunlight that trembles out fitfully,
Over a hut where an infant is born.
None heeds his wailing, although it sounds pitiful,
None shield his form from the wind, cold and wild;
Heir to privation, scorn, misery, and poverty,
Dark is thy pathway before thee, poor child,
Child, with the spirit to live through eternity,
Born to the yoke of the tyrant art thou;
Even the bread that is dealt to thee scantily,
Thrice must be earned by the sweat of thy brow.
Cold is the hovel, the hearth-stone is emberless—
Creaks the old door as it moves to and fro;
O'er the poor bed, where the mother lies shivering,
Basely flutters the white-fingered snow.

Pale is the cheek of the piteous sufferer,
Passing from poverty's vale to the grave;
Better by far had she died in her infancy,
Ere to the millions she added a slave.
Yes, she is pale, and her voice sounds huskily,
Beggings in vain for a morsel of bread:
Hush! it is over; her heart slumbers silently;
Grim famine stands by the pale mother dead."

The space allowed us in the Repository will hardly admit of more selections; but there is one other poem before me, of so high an order, so thrilling in description, and indicating in the writer so much humanity and so much poetic power, that I will venture to give it entire, at the risk of occupying more than my share of space in these pages. The sickness of heart, the wild despair, the reviving insanity, and ineffable agony of the ruined one, are depicted in language and in measure which cause the soul of the reader to thrill with intense emotion:

"Above us the clouds are wild and black,
The winds are howling on our track;
The shivering trees are bare and bleak,
My heart is sick, and my limbs are weak,
Wandering wearily, wearily.

They turned me away from the rich man's door,
Haggard and hungry, and cold and poor.
There was feasting, laughter, and song within;
But they turned me away, in my tatters thin,
With thee, thou pledge of my shame and sin,
Away, where the wind sobb drearily.

My heart was cold, and the demons came,
With their livid lips, and their eyes of flame;
They told me to murder thee, child of shame,
And laughed till my brain whirled dizzily.

They followed my path through the drifted snow,
Taunting, and mocking, and gibbering low,
'There is peace and rest where the cold waves flow,
Far down o'er the white sand busily.'

I felt their breath on my tortured brain;
They tore my heart, and shrieked in vain;
They whispered, 'Death is the end of pain;
Fly, fly to the grave's security—
The world will turn from the hideous stain
That mars thy womanly purity.'

They bade me remember the bright old time,
My cottage home in a foreign clime,
The friends I lost by my love and crime,
Till smothering my soul's humanity,
I grasped, in the strength of my deep despair,
Thy neck, my babe—it was soft and fair,
But the warm blood curdled and blackened there,
To witness my wild insanity.

How quiet, and rigid, and cold thou art!
I lay my head on thy fainting heart,
And kiss thy lips, with a quivering start!
My hand! God! let me not think of it!
I have seen thee smile, I have felt thy breath:
Can I feel it now? O death, pale death!
Thy Lethæan cup, let me drink of it!

We'll make us a bed in the snow so deep;
The frosts with a shroud will cover us;
The winds will hush us to a dreamless sleep,
And the stars, in their far-off homes, will keep
Their beautiful night-watch over us.

* * * * *
But where is the father of that dead child,
That sleeps where the winds wail mournfully?
He left the woman his love beguiled—

Is the monster loathed, contemned, reviled?
Does the world regard him scornfully?

He is reveling now, where the lamps are bright;
Where the hours go by in festive flight,
And the gleeful song rings merrily;
They wish him joy, on his bridal night,
And warm, young hearts beat cheerily.

The bride is a creature of love and youth;
With an eye of light, and a lip of truth,
And a fair form molded slenderly;
Her heart is a fountain of kindly ruth,
That flows for the suffering tenderly.

O, little she dreams that a wretch defamed,
Deceived, dishonored, betrayed, ashamed,
By the strength of the bridegroom's oath once claimed
The love she is fondly cherishing.

For he is a model of manly grace,
With the sounding name of a noble race;
He has power, and fame, and fair broad land,
And there is no blood on his jeweled hand
To tell of the lost one perishing.

Where the censers breathe, and the jewels shine,
They pledge him now in the rich red wine;
But never, by token, or word, or sign,
Allude to his victim's history.
No, fill the cup to the sparkling brim,
With life, and pleasure, and fame for him;
The future is bright, let the past be dim,
And wrapped in a fearful mystery.

In the penal code of this righteous world,
Justice, I ween, is a rarity;
At the kind, but frail, the lip is curled,
The bitter taunt, the sarcasm hurled,
With sure, unvarying parity;
But over the monster, mean and vile,
Whose heart is a canker, festering galle,
Who kills with the light of his serpent smile,
We throw the pure mantle of charity.

And many a heart that faints and fails,
And many a beautiful cheek that pales,
And eyes that weep at fictitious tales,
Of sorrow, and wrong, and misery,
Will turn from the pallid brow that veils
A deeper and wilder agony."

We do not claim for the poems of Mrs. Bolton, more than for other human things, perfection. The measure is nearly faultless, and the rhyme generally good; but the rhetoric of some lines and some stanzas might be improved. We, however, have no great propensity for fault-finding, especially where there is so much excellence. We could hope that she would collect, correct, and publish in a volume her productions, now scattered through the columns of magazines and newspapers. It is true she may hereafter write more; for she is yet young, scarcely more than thirty years of age. But we know not how she can write any thing better than are some of the verses which she has committed to leaves, as frail and evanescent as those on which the Cumean Sibyl wrote her prophecies. It is our deliberate conviction, that, of her scattered and fugitive productions, there might be collected a volume, which, for variety of subject, beauty of conception, purity of sentiment, and perfection of measure, would be fully equal to any volume of poems yet published by any American writer.

We do not often attempt to describe personal

appearances, nor social qualities; nor shall we now draw a portrait of the face or heart of Mrs. Bolton. We need only say, that she is not deficient in personal beauty, and that she excels in goodness of heart, in kindness, in generosity, in artless purity of character, in devoted and confiding friendship, and in all those domestic virtues and social affections which throw a sanctity about the person, and a charm about the society of woman.

A SHORT LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

BY MINNIE.

I AM not a married woman, Mr. Editor, nor yet am I an old maid; but I am one, who, when I find the right person and the proper time, shall offer my hand for matrimonial purposes. But, then, understand me, if I ever get married, I don't wish to be treated as some of my good female friends are. Not long since I was on a visit to one of my school companions, hardly married a year, and what I saw then and there made me a little spirited. Bear with me. On coming in the house, the husband of the lady to whom I refer acted just as though he was to do nothing but to make confusion and work. He took down his boot-jack from a nail in the entry, and carried it into the parlor, and, having jerked off his boots, tumbled them and the jack into the middle of the room, and placed his feet up against the fire-jacks, and began his comfort. I looked and waited a long time, and thought *may be* he would put his boots in a corner, if he did nothing else. But he neither put them away nor the jack. His wife attended to both of them, and that without one word of complaint. Various other matters, of which this is a mere sample, were the subjects of my notice, and I felt pretty strongly kindled in my wrath against any such husband as that man for me.

Do you not think that a husband could help his wife a great deal by accommodating her in small matters? Ought he not to build the morning fire, put on the tea-kettle—forgive my commonplace talk, for I am in earnest—and attend now and then to some other domestic affairs? I think he ought; and I wish you would add your sanction to my views, and help in some reform in the conduct of many men who style and think themselves first-rate husbands. You will not think me ill-humored or splenetic in my remarks. I only ask for fairness between husband and wife. The latter, because she is made a drudge among Mohammedans, ought not to be made one by American citizens. "Live, and let live," says somebody; and "help, and love to help," should be the motto of every high-minded young husband in this free country. But I must stop, short as my letter is, and wait some other opportunity for additional remarks on this topic.

The Ladies' Repository.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

A DISMANTLED INQUISITION.

BY REV. J. A. WELLS.

We once had the fortune to be shown over a dismantled inquisition—one, too, famous in its day; and we may be permitted here to tell what fell under our own observation. In the summer of 1847 we found ourselves, one fine day, on the shores of the Leman. At our feet was the Rhone, pouring its abundant, but discolored, waters into the beautiful blue lake. The lake itself, moveless as a mirror, slept within its snow-white strand, and reflected on its placid bosom the goodly shadows of crag and mountain. Behind us, like two giants guarding the entrance to the lovely valley of the Rhone, rose the mighty Alps, the Dent de Midi and the Dent d'Oche, white with eternal snows. In front was the eastern bank of the lake, a magnificent bend, with a chord of a dozen miles, and offering to the eye rocks, vineyards, villages, and mountains, forming a gorgeous picture of commingled loveliness and grandeur. The scene was one of perfect beauty, yet there was one dismal object in it. At about a mile's distance, almost surrounded by the waters of the lake, rose the Castle of Chillon. Its heavy architecture appeared still more dark and forbidding, from the gloomy recollections which it had called up. It had been at once the palace and the Inquisition of the dukes of Savoy, so celebrated in the persecuting annals of Rome; and here had many disciples of the early reformers endured imprisonment and torture. We had an hour to spare, and resolved to pay a visit to the old castle. We crossed the draw-bridge, and a small gratuity procured us entrance, and the services of a guide. We were first led down to Bonnivard's dungeon, "deep and old." There is here a sort of inner and outer dungeon; and in passing through the first, the light was so scant that we had to grope our way over the uneven floor, which, like the landward wall, is formed of the living rock. Into this place had been crowded some hundreds of Jews; and we felt—for we could not be said to see—the little niche of rock on which they were seated one after another, and slaughtered for the good of the Church, which it was feared their heresy might infect. We passed on, and entered the more spacious dungeon of Bonnivard. It looked not unlike a chapel, with its groined roof and its central row of white pillars. The light was that of deep twilight. We distinctly heard the ripple of the lake against the wall, which was on a level with the floor of the dungeon. At certain seasons of the year it is some feet above it. Two or three narrow slits, placed high in the wall, admitted the light, which had a greenish hue, from the reflection of the lake. This effect was rather heightened by the light breeze, which kept flapping the broad leaf of some aquatic plant against the opening opposite the Martyr's Pillar. How sweet, we thought, must that ray have been to the prior of St. Victor, and how often, during his imprisonment of six years, must his eyes have been turned toward it, as it streamed in from the waters and the mountains around his dungeon! We saw the iron ring still remaining in the pillar to which he was chained, and read on that pillar the names of Dryden and Byron, and others who had visited the place. The latter name recalled his own beautiful lines, descriptive of the place and the martyr. We quote them,

not to praise the author for his poetic worth, but as a perfectly descriptive of the locality before us:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

This dungeon had its one captive; and the image of suffering it presented stood out definitely before us. The rooms above had their thousands, and were suggestive of crowds of victims, which passed before the mind without order or identity. Of their names few remain, though the instruments on which they were torn in pieces are still there. Emerging from the dayless gloom of the vault, we ascended to these rooms. We entered one spacious apartment, which evidently had been the "Hall of Torture;" for there, with the rust of some centuries upon it, stood the gaunt apparatus of the Inquisition. In the middle of the room was a massy beam reaching from floor to ceiling, with a strong pulley a-top. This was the *corda*, "the queen of torments," as it has been called. The person who endured the *corda* had his hands tied behind his back; then a rope was attached to them, and a heavy iron weight was hung at his feet. When all was ready, the executioners suddenly hoisted him up to the ceiling by means of the rope, which passed through the pulley in the top of the beam: the arms were painfully wrenched backward, and the weight of the body, increased by the weight attached to the feet, in most cases sufficed to tear the arms from the sockets. While thus suspended, the prisoner was sometimes whipped, or had a hot iron thrust into various parts of his body, his tormentors admonishing him all the while to speak the truth. If he refused to confess, he was suddenly let down, and received a severe jerk, which completed the dislocation. If he still refused to confess, he was remanded to his cell, had his joints set, and was brought out, as soon as able, to undergo the same torture over again. At each of the four corners of the room where this beam stood was a pulley fixed in the wall, showing that the apartment had also been fitted up for the torture of the *veglia*. The *veglia* resembled a smith's anvil, with a spike a-top, ending in an iron die. Through the pulleys at the four corners of the room ran four ropes. These were tied to the naked arms and legs of the sufferer, and twisted so as to cut to the bone. He was lifted up, and set down with his back-bone exactly upon the die, which, as the whole weight of the person rested upon it, wrought by degrees into the bone. The torture, which was excruciating, was to last eleven hours, if the person did not sooner confess. These are but two of the *seven tortures* by which the Church of Rome proved—what certainly she could not prove by either Scripture or reason—that transubstantiation is true. The roof beneath which these enormities were committed was plastered over with the sign of the cross. In a small adjoining apartment we were shown a recess in the wall, with an *oubliette* or trap-door below it. In that recess, said the guide, stood an image of the Virgin. The prisoner accused of heresy was brought, and made to kneel upon the trap-door, and in presence of the Virgin, to abjure his heresy. To prevent the possibility of apostasy, the moment he had made his confession the bolt was drawn, and the man lay a mangled corpse on the rock below. We had seen enough; and, as we recrossed the moat of the Castle of Chillon, the light seemed sweeter than ever, and we never in all

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our lives felt so thankful for the Reformation, which had vested us with the power of reading our Bible without having our limbs torn and our body mangled.

KNOCKINGS AT A MAIDEN'S HEART.

BY MISS E. A. CHESTER.

THIS moral frame of ours is not without its share of mysterious demonstrations. Truth comes rapping and whispering at the door of the heart; and to the clamorous knockings of remorse, alas! few are strangers—they waken us from our stupid reveries, or recall us from our thoughtless wanderings, and bid the sharp tones of conscience pierce our ears. We would fain, it may be, sleep on in false security; but knock succeeds knock, and wretched, O! beyond expression, wretched they who yet bar the door, and irremediably sink into the slumber of moral death as the last faint sound of the messenger sounds upon the ear.

And I could tell of knockings yet more mysterious than even these—ay, more curious than all Rochester could manufacture; but I may not reveal these to all, or bruit them about to gratify that insatiable monster, the public.

Let me whisper them softly in your ear. There is such a thing as a maiden's heart. Curious little sanctum *that!* containing things strange, passing strange. Of itself, it is a little world; and yet this little world, how capacious! What a living picture-gallery—what landscapes, and cottages, and castles, and palaces—what portraits hung up around its wall; and then what mighty hopes and fears—what imaginings, what longings, what anxious peerings into the future, what visions bright and radiant—what telescopic, what microscopic wonders! And how this little sensory at times palpitates, and beats, and throbs—how it dilates as if to fill all space, and again shrinks into nothingness! Think you it hears no knockings? Think you it never listens, and fancies that it hears when all is still? Let its history for one short year be penned, and what a history would be there? Mysterious, ay, passing strange! How the little thing has fluttered, like a frightened robin, and tried in vain to cease its flutterings, and hush itself into a quiet. Perhaps it would not that these knockings would actually cease, nor yet does it *consciously* wish their continuance. It sometimes endeavors to commune with itself; but, despite its every effort, some disturbing cause is ever present—some form constantly intruding. These mysterious knockings may perchance become more and more importunate, and it is certain, though it may be very mysterious, that the fastenings of the door of this little heart—poor tumultuous thing—too weak to resist, in some unguarded moment, or by some strange volition, sometimes yields, and in walks a stranger-tenant, henceforth to act the master in this little tenement; or, after a little tarrying, to be thrust out, a no longer welcome guest!

I once *knew* such a little heart. It unfortunately heard the mysterious knockings. Curiosity—how strange for a woman!—awoke from its dozings. A most persevering knocker was this visitant. He came for “yes,” and “no” was no answer to him; early or late, rain or shine, it was knock, knock, at the door of this little heart. There was no use in turning a deaf ear, for deafness itself could not but hear such importunate rappings. Untiring perseverance deserves *success*. That little heart began to reproach itself for its discourtesy. Sure the door ought to be opened a little, a very little—to be left

just ajar—a little look into the tenement might be allowed, and no harm felt; so it *was* left ajar, but still the intruder knocked on, peering in the while, and the knocks were so gentle, so full of melody—so full of entreaty—they spoke so imploringly—how could the door shut again? Softly it turned on its hinges, and the knocker was in that little tenement—a snug little house for the knocking knocker. The door closed and the key was in his pocket, and his spirit danced to the tune of

“Knock, knock away, knockers—in knocking’s no sin;
Nor is woman’s heart steel, that knockings can’t win.”

OUR CHANGING SKY AND CLIMATE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

LET me, reader, say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest luster, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky—surely we may say that in our climate “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night sheweth knowledge.”

SINGULAR EXPERIMENTING AND DEATH.

BY REV. JACOB ABBOTT.

WHEN Cleopatra was warned by dreadful presentiments of what would probably at last be her fate, she amused herself in studying the nature of poisons—not theoretically, but practically—making experiments with them on wretched prisoners and captives, whom she compelled to take them, in order that she and Antony might see the effects which they produced. She made a collection of all the poisons which she could procure, and administered portions of them all, that she might see which were sudden and which were slow in their effects, and also learn which produced the greatest distress and suffering, and which, on the other hand, only numbened and stupefied the faculties, and thus extinguished life with the least infliction of pain. These experiments were not confined to such vegetable and mineral poisons as could be mingled with the food or administered in a potion.

Cleopatra took an equal interest in the effects of the bite of venomous serpents and reptiles. She procured specimens of all these animals, and tried them upon her prisoners, causing the men to be stung and bitten by them, and then watching the effects. These investigations were made, not directly with a view to any practical use which she was to make of the knowledge thus acquired, but rather as an agreeable occupation, to divert her mind, and to amuse Antony and her guests. The variety in the forms and expressions which the agony of her poisoned victims assumed—their writhings, their cries, their convulsions, and the distortions of their features when struggling with death, furnished exactly the kind and degree of excitement which she needed to occupy and amuse her mind.

The experiments which Cleopatra thus made on the nature and effects of poison were not, however, wholly without practical result. Cleopatra learned from them, it is said, that the bite of the asp was the easiest and least painful mode of death. The effect of the venom of that animal appeared to be the lulling of the sensorium into a lethargy or stupor, which soon ended in death, without the intervention of pain. This knowledge she seems to have laid up in her mind for future use. For when the messengers who were sent by Octavius, the Roman general, arrived at the place where the Egyptian Queen held her last festival, what were their discoveries? The soldiers and sentinels were quietly on guard before her door, as if all was well. On entering Cleopatra's room, however, they beheld a shocking spectacle. Cleopatra was lying dead upon a couch. One of her women was upon the floor, dead too. The other, whose name was Charmion, was sitting over the body of her mistress, fondly caressing her, arranging flowers in her hair, and adorning her diadem. The messengers of Octavius, on witnessing this spectacle, were overcome with amazement, and demanded of Charmion what it could mean. "It is all right," said Charmion. "Cleopatra has acted in a manner worthy of a princess descended from so noble a line of kings." As Charmion said this, she began to sink herself, fainting, upon the bed, and almost immediately expired.

The bystanders were not only shocked at the spectacle which was thus presented before them, but they were perplexed and confounded in their attempts to discover by what means Cleopatra and her women had succeeded in effecting their design. They examined the bodies, but no marks of violence were to be discovered. They looked all around the room, but no weapons, and no indication of any means of poison, were to be found. They discovered something that appeared like the slimy track of an animal on the wall, toward a window, which they thought might have been produced by an *asp*; but the animal itself was no where to be seen. They examined the body with great care, but no marks of any bite or sting were to be found, except that there were two very slight and scarcely discernible punctures on the arm, which some persons fancied might have been so caused. The means and manner of her death seemed to be involved in impenetrable mystery.

It has, however, been generally believed among mankind that Cleopatra died in some way or other by the self-inflicted sting of the asp, and paintings and sculptures without number have been made to illustrate and commemorate the scene. And what the great majority of mankind believe as truth, the few, we presume, must not dare openly to dispute or doubt.

FAREWELL OF FRIENDS.

BY L. O. CLARK.

THERE is perhaps no feeling of our nature so vague, so complicated, so mysterious, as that with which we look upon the cold remains of our fellow-mortals. The dignity with which Death invests the meanest of his victims inspires us with an awe that no living thing can create. The monarch on his throne sinks beneath the beggar in his shroud. The marble features, the powerless hand, the stiffened limb—O, who can contemplate *these* with feelings that can be defined? These are the mockery of all our hopes and fears—our fondest love, our fellest hate. Can it be that we now shrink almost with horror from the touch of the hand that but yesterday was fondly clasped in our own? Is that tongue, whose accents even now dwell in our ears, forever chained in the silence of death? Those dark and heavy eyelids, are they forever to seal up in darkness the eyes whose glance no earthly power could restrain? And the Spirit which animated that clay—where is it now? Does it witness our grief? does it share our sorrow? Or is the mysterious tie that linked it with mortality broken forever? And remembrances of earthly scenes, are *they* to the enfranchised spirit as the morning dream or the fading cloud? Alas! "all that we *know* is, nothing can be known," till we ourselves shall have passed the dread ordeal. And well will it be, if in looking our last upon the dead body of a departed friend, we can say with the sainted Wesley, in the full fruition of that faith which "reacheth within the veil:"

"The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
That quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more:
The heart is no longer the seat
Of sorrow, or shaken with pain:
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never will flutter again!
No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redder than innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion has vanished away:
The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep."

We say of our departed friends, "They are gone!"—the angels say, "They are *come*!" We say, "They are dead!"—the angels say, "They are *alive*!" We say, "They are fallen asleep in Jesus;" the angels say, "They are awakened to a blissful and joyous resurrection morning." It is not many months since we attended the funeral of a young friend, who, with his family, were professors of religion. The scene at the house surprised while it gratified us. There was no dead silence, no darkened windows and darker faces, glooming in the "sad habiliments of woe;" but the windows and doors were open; the apartments were light and cheerful; there were no suppressed sobs or violent weeping. Till the minister began to speak, hopefully and cheerfully, of the departed brother, who had gone to another and a better world, the friends and acquaintances of the deceased gathered about the coffin which stood in the hall, and spoke familiarly and affectionately of the spirit which had so lately informed the passive clay that lay before them. No bitter tears were shed—no heart seemed wrung with anguish. Certainly it was to our eye, a perfect realization of the strength and sincerity of a

faith which could thus "overcome the darkness of death" and illumine the gloom of the grave.

FOREST-WORSHIPERS OF BOHEMIA.

BY REV. W. H. RILEY.

PRECIOUS in the first days of the seventeenth century was the word of life to the followers of Christ. When religious meetings could not be held in towns, people would go away, even in the depth of winter, to the vast native forests, and penetrate so far that no sound could be heard, nor any trace of them perceived. Under the trees covered with snow that formed a solid roof, they laid up their wagons and tethered the horses. With the straight branches of fir-trees they raised commodious huts, which gave their children shelter; and in the open spaces they made fires. From the rivers and lakes they drew fish to vary their repast. Daily worship was held without fear. A bell summoned the scattered families to the place of congregation, and there they sang from rare copies of the old Bohemian Hymn-Book; and a clergyman, long banished from the world, a tenant of the wilderness, set forth the lively truths of Christianity, and administered the eucharistic emblems of the Lord's death, just after the manner that John Huss had taught their fathers. The trunk of a tree, felled for the purpose, and cut smooth, served as a communion-table. Villages on the skirts of those forests were sometimes deserted, except by children, who could scarcely be trusted with the secret. If a stranger happened to ask them where their parents were, they would answer, "In the forest;" a sentence as familiar to their ear as "in the field," or "at the plow."

Too familiar is the reader with the chronicles of history to doubt the bloodthirstiness of persecution in those days. "In the forest" and "in the field," the faithful were pursued and caught—then fagoted and murdered. Glance with me, reader, a moment, and view the deportment of some of these faithful ones, after having been caught and caged in the prison-houses of Prague.

Disconsolate friends implored the release from prison of their kindred and acquaintance; yet within the dungeon walls there was less appearance of sorrow; for God sustained his servants in the hours of severest trial. In one of the town-halls they united in a solemn meal, their last on earth, rejoicing in the prospect of so soon eating at the table of their Lord in heaven—a hope which the Romish governor derided; and, hearing that their brethren, the lords and barons, were coming from the castle, in order to be ready for execution the next morning, they ran to the windows, and welcomed them by singing the forty-fourth Psalm. The people on the outside also received them with a sincere solemnity of tears. When the fatal hour arrived, the condemned came to the scaffold, one by one, as called by name. On leaving his brethren, each pronounced a short sentence or two—such as, "Farewell, dear friends! May God give you the consolation of his Spirit, patience, and firmness, to persevere in that which you have hitherto acknowledged with your heart, mouth, and hand!" or, "I go before you to behold the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. Follow me, that we may together behold the Father's face." And they answered him by, "God help thy departure, and send thee a happy passage from this vale of tears into the heavenly country!" or, "May the Lord Jesus send his holy angels to meet thee!" or, "Hasten before us, dear brother, into the house of our Father: we follow thee." A clergyman attended each, conversing with him in words taken chiefly

from the word of God, which the guards and judges within hearing could not but hear with reverence; while the beating of drums and clang of trumpets prevented all others from catching a syllable. So the company in the court-yard diminished; and as the clergyman returned with intelligence of the constancy with which each met death, they praised God, and prayed for equal strength. One of these champions—Count of Passau and Elbogen—stepping on the scaffold, observed the sun shining brightly, and, looking upward, said, "Sun of righteousness, Jesus Christ, grant that I may come to thy light through the shadow of death." Another, seventy-four years old, heard, from certain officials, of a report that he had died of grief. "I?" the hoary baron asked, "I? I have seldom had more joyful hours. See my paradise," holding up a Bible in his hand, "it has never offered me such heavenly food as now—." Just before receiving the deadly stroke, he said, "Now I shall wear the garment of righteousness. I shall shine before God, in whom I have trusted." Another—Gaspar, Baron Kaplitz—eighty-six years old, and unable to walk without assistance, was supported by two clergymen. "Raise your head," said one of the ministers as he stood on the black cloth. He looked up, and cried, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The executioner swung his sword—the gray head fell. Another kneeled on the fatal spot, and repeated the song of Simeon. Another declared that heaven was his prospect, where God would wipe away tears from his eyes, and where there would be no more pain nor death, neither sorrow nor crying.

Bitter was the spirit and keen the indignation of Milton when he wrote the lines,

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!"

and irrepressible is the spirit within us, when we see how like wild beasts the Bohemians were hunted down, and made to yield up their lives to the stroke of the executioner's ax!

HOPE IN GOD.

THE sailor on the midnight sea, if he would behold the star, that alone would guide him across the trackless deep, must look not on the dark troubled waves, but at the clear blue heavens. If the sky is overcast, and the star veiled by clouds, he must turn to his compass; and its needle, ever true to the pole, will point to the star, though it be all hidden from his vision. So we, tossed on many a billow, if we would see Heaven's guiding light, must look, not on the waves of temptation that dash and break around, but above, to God. Should darkness and clouds gather in the sky, let us turn to the Bible, and it will point to Him who shines beyond the clouds in unchanging glory.

POPULAR RELIGION.

HE that breaks off the yoke of obedience, and unties the bands of discipline, and preaches a cheap religion, and presents heaven in the midst of flowers, and strews carpets softer than Asian luxury in the way, and sets the songs of Sion to the tunes of the Persian and lighter airs, and offers great liberty of living, and reconciles eternity with present enjoyment—he shall have his schools filled with disciples; but he that preaches the cross, and the severities of Christianity, and the strictnesses of a holy life, shall have the lot of his blessed Lord; he shall be thought ill of, and deserted.

New Books.

A COMPENDIUM OF METHODISM: embracing the History and Present Condition of its Various Branches in all Countries; with a Defense of its Doctrinal, Governmental, and Prudential Peculiarities. By Rev. James Porter, A. M. C. H. Peirce & Co.: Boston. 1851.—This work, the full title of which we have given, is, without question, the most ample and satisfactory of the kind now before the public. It is not simply a good book in the typographical sense of the term, but it is a good book in the full literary and religious meaning of the word. We have been extremely gratified in its examination; and though embracing about five hundred pages duodecimo, it is certainly as cheap an issue as can any where be found. Didactic, polemic, narrative, historical, and biographical, it can not fail to interest the reader. On sale by Swormstedt & Power, at one dollar; twenty-five per cent. discount to wholesale purchasers.

PRIMARY PLATFORM OF METHODISM; or, Exposition of the General Rules. By Rev. Moses M. Henkle, D. D. Louisville, Ky.: Published by the Author & Company. 1851.—“Another work on Methodism?” Yes, reader; but not, perhaps, the last one. This volume does not pass over the ground of the work above noticed. Its field is almost entirely distinct. We have not had an opportunity thoroughly to examine Dr. Henkle's treatise; yet, so far as we have looked, with the exception of a few paragraphs, we think it opportune and valuable. Worldly amusements are shown to be wholly incompatible with Christianity and Methodism—a fact which we wish were practically known by all who profess religion. Dr. Henkle is editor of the *Southern Lady's Companion*. We wish him entire success in the circulation and sale of his book.

HISTORY OF JOSEPHINE. By John S. C. Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.—The name of Josephine is one of peculiar interest in modern history. Pages in this book will draw tears from eyes, perhaps, that are not in the habit of weeping at ordinary woes. Written in Mr. Abbott's peculiarly felicitous and graphic style, we can see no reason to prevent an extremely wide circulation for the volume. Our lady friends, we think, will not regret the time spent in reading this history of the life and trials of one of the most accomplished and amiable of the ladies of modern times.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.—This work has enjoyed a very wide popularity both in this country and England. It has appeared under a great variety of editions; but the one before us, in its clear type and numerous engravings, is altogether superior to any edition hitherto published. With some of the peculiar theological views of Mr. Abbott we can not sympathize. The general tenor of the treatise before us is not, however, very exceptionable. Some parts are of a decidedly superior character; and we think much light and profit of a religious nature may be obtained from a careful perusal of its pages.

THE HORRORS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, both Wholesale and Retail: a Discourse delivered in Wesley Chapel, Indianapolis, September 14, 1851, by Rev. B. F. Cray, A. M., is a well-tempered and stirring sermon for all abettors of the trade in human happiness and blood. We should like to see it in the hands of every importer and vender of liquor, as well as distributed among the hosts of hotel-keepers and bar-keepers that, like Egypt's locusts, cover our land. It would stir them up to thought.

THE SHEAF; or, the Work of God in the Soul, as Illustrated in the Personal Experience of Mrs. Cordelia Thomas. Henry V. Degen: Boston. 1852.—This is an 18mo. volume, neatly printed, and tastefully bound, and contains the Christian experience of the wife of a Methodist clergyman in the city of Buffalo. From a hasty glance at the table of contents and the style of the work, we think it will prove abundantly useful. Narratives of this kind are, in general, more interesting and more profitable than didactic treatises of a severer character. The Christian reader will be delighted in the perusal of this volume. It conveys many instructive lessons in practical religion.

Periodicals.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, published by John Mason, City Road, London, is a monthly of one hundred and forty-four pages, devoted to the interests of Wesleyan Methodism in Great Britain, and is now in its seventy-fourth year of existence. It was commenced in the year 1788, and has been published without interruption to the present day. In the November and December numbers, lying before us, we observe a memoir of Miss Marianne Fawcett, of Sheffield, written by Rev. Robert Jackson; a very edifying article on a most intelligent, and deeply useful, and pious disciple of Jesus. Dr. Olin's baccalaureate address on the Relations of Christian Principle to Mental Culture, is republished entire in these two numbers. The subscription price is one shilling per number, or about three dollars per year.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October has several striking articles. Western Africa, the first of the number, is quite readable and instructive. The eighth, on Life and Immortality, is one that characterizes the Westminster. It is just such a piece of composition and infidel theorizing as will suit the followers of Theodore Parker and others of his school.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October has nine articles, several of which are of commanding interest. Widow-Burning, the first of the list, is a sad picture of the continued existence of one of the most horrible of heathen rites. It shows that in some places, at least, the suttees or burning of widows is purely a voluntary act on the part of the latter, and that any widow can decline the death if she desires so to do. Life and Works of Bishop of Ken, Life and its Successive Developments, and Papal Pretensions, are well-written papers.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November has rather an excess of political and novelette matter. The Dramas of Henry Taylor, German Letters from Paris, and the Submarine Telegraph, are worthy of perusal. The December number is rather better than the November.

THE SOUTHERN REPERTORY AND COLLEGE REVIEW is a new candidate for public favor, issued monthly at Emory, Va., under the supervision of the Faculty of Emory and Henry College. The Poetry of Science, a leading article, is written in a fervid and eloquent style. The Exodus of Egypt, a poem in five cantos, is a beautiful and credible specimen of versification.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS for December opens with an article on Christian Perfection by Dr. Bangs, wherein the Doctor argues that what of holiness we possess we must profess—a point which has caused some pretty animated discussion of late. The number is an excellent one.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT, YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND, AND FAMILY MANUAL for January comes to us in a new dress. Its articles are very creditable—pure in style and sentiment, and well adapted to the home circle.

THE UNITED STATES MONTHLY LAW MAGAZINE AND EXAMINER, edited and published by John Livingston, New York, contains judicious essays upon legal topics, biographical sketches of distinguished lawyers, early notes of the more able and important decisions of the courts of America and Great Britain, alphabetical digests of all cases of general interest in the superior courts of law and equity, properly classified and arranged, besides a large amount of critical notices alike of literary and law publications. The numbers for October, November, and December of the last year, stitched together, contain the names and post-office address of all the lawyers of all the states in the Union.

WOODWORTH'S YOUTH'S CABINET, published at New York, at one dollar per year, begins its seventh volume with fine prospects. Of all the monthlies for youth, the Cabinet is first in point of typographical execution and literary merit.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION, it appears from a circular issued by the Publishing Committee, must close its existence with the March number, unless delinquent subscribers make immediate payment, and unless there be a large increase of paying subscribers. We regret this.

Newspapers.

ONE stormy winter day, the Rev. Mr. Young, of Jedburg, was visiting one of his people, an old man, who lived in great poverty in a lonely cottage. He found him sitting with the Bible open on his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort—the snow drifting through the roof and under the door, and scarce any fire on the hearth. "What are you about to-day, John?" was his question on entering. "Ah, sir," said the happy saint, "I am sitting under His shadow with great delight!"

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver.

Robert Hall said of family prayer, "It serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unraveling."

None have been so good and so great, or have raised themselves so high as to be above the reach of troubles. Our Lord was "a man of sorrows."

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well, while the one ascends the other descends.

Never reproach a man with the faults of his relatives.

They have voices, those bright stars, and speak to the human heart, if we will but seek counsel of them—voices more sweet, more powerful, more true, than those which astrologers of old ascribed to them. The power and presence of Divinity is spoken by them, if not to crush, to overcome man's passions; and deaf must be the ear that will not hear.

A young minister lately said, when near death, "Formerly death appeared to me like a wide river, but now it has dwindled to a little rill; and my comforts, which were as the rill, have become the broad and deep stream."

Dr. Belknap, in a mixed company, hearing a person speak in a very free manner against the Christian religion, asked, "Have you found one that is better?" and the reply being in the negative, he added, "When you do, let me know, and I will join you in adopting it."

Temptations are a file which rub off much of the dust of self-confidence.

True courage is the result of reasoning. A brave mind is impregnable. Resolution lies more in the head than in the veins; and a just sense of honor and religion will carry us further than the force of mechanism.

Many a noble enterprise, when almost safe in port, has at last been shipwrecked by well-meaning willfulness, or through that infirmity of vision which mistakes a house-lamp for a light-house—a denominational crotchet for a Christian principle.

Like one of those wondrous rocking-stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its center, yet the might of an army could not move from its place, the American Constitution is so nicely poised that it seems to sway with every breath of passion, yet so firmly based in the hearts and affections of the people, that the wildest storms of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain.

Chateaubriand says, "In new colonies, the Spaniards begin by building a church, the French a ball-room, and the English a tavern."

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he can not keep.

It has been said by a fine writer, that "prayer should be the key to open the heart in the morning, and lock it against all enemies at night," and the remark can not fairly be confined to private devotion; the whole household should assemble at the beginning of the day, and when it draweth toward evening, and with one accord address the throne of grace in words of supplication and thanksgiving.

It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.

He not ashamed to be, or to be esteemed poor in this world; for he that hears God teaching him will find that is the best wisdom

to withdraw all our affections from secular honor and troublesome riches, and by patience, by humility, by suffering scorn and contempt, and the will of God, to get the true riches.

A writer has compared worldly friendship to our shadow; and a better comparison was never made; for while we walk in sunshine it sticks close to us, but the moment we enter the shade it deserts us.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one from which we must first erase. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her steps, has further to go before she can arrive at truth than ignorance.

We are as eloquent as angels we should please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

The enthusiast has been compared to a man walking in a fog—every thing immediately around him, or in contact with him, appears sufficiently clear and luminous; but beyond the little circle of which he is the center, all is mist, error, and confusion.

Virtue without talent is a coat of mail without a sword; it may indeed defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.

The purest ore—metal—is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

When we are at the summit of a vain ambition, we are also at the depth of real misery.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

None are so seldom found alone, or are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object—self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

Two men who were most interested in finding Christ guilty, bore their testimony to his innocence: "I have betrayed innocent blood;" "I find no fault in him."

Our thoughts, like the waters of the sea, when exhaled toward heaven, will lose their offensive bitterness and saltiness, and leave behind them every distasteful quality, and sweeten into an amiable humanity and candor, till they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness on our fellow-beings.

Error is like the fabled hydra—though a thousand times beheaded, she still lives; and will live so long as men "love darkness, and choose it rather than light."

When the heart is pure, there is hardly any thing that can mislead the understanding of the thoughtful and pure-minded.

Religious toleration is a duty, a virtue, which man owes to man; considered as a public right, it is the respect of the government to the consciences of the citizens, and the objects of their veneration and their faith.

It is bad to make an unnecessary show of high principles, but it is worse to have no high principles to show.

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs than a month's moaning.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective: some must be seen at a distance.

The first step to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things, and the height of misfortune is to be able to indulge such affections.

To yield to the passions is to give up the struggle and acknowledge ourselves better; but to contend to the last is to earn the reward of the faithful.

A person can scarcely be put into a more dangerous position than when external circumstances have produced some striking change in his condition, without his manner of feeling and of thinking having undergone any preparation for it.

A benevolent man estimates others by the degree in which he can make them happy. A selfish man by the degree in which he can make them subservient to his own interests.

Editor's Table.

OUR congratulations once more to you, reader. Thus far winter has given us some samples of bitter cold weather. The simple fact that a bridge of ice was formed over the Ohio, between Cincinnati and the adjacent cities—Covington and Newport—before Christmas had even reached us, is demonstration enough that fires have been comfortable things in our city, and much appreciated by all classes of citizens. Thousands upon thousands, and ten times ten thousand, were the trips made back and forth by men, women, and children. Horses and mules, cattle and hogs, wagons, sleds, and drays, without number, also found their way over the frozen bridge, the width of which was said to be about fourteen hundred feet.

"Too much of a good thing is good for nothing," as the proverb has it; and we fear that the bare mention of the word *Kossuth* by us will help some one wholly to overlook the remainder of this paragraph. The advent of the Queen of England to our shores could not create a greater degree of excitement than has been created by the visit of the illustrious Magyar. The London papers, always slow to see, and slower still to acknowledge, merit in any body except their own countrymen, were prompt in declaring Kossuth to be one of the most wonderful orators that has appeared in modern times. It is doubtful whether the past three hundred years can claim a mightier man than the Hungarian governor. Beyond all others, he seems to possess the faculty of rousing the human mind and touching the human heart. On his arrival in England, and while making a speech, in which were detailed some of the most thrilling incidents that took place during the struggle for independence in Hungary, he paused for a few moments, apparently overcome by feeling and memory; and on resuming, "*Pardon my emotions,*" said he, with a sublime solemnity; "*the shadows of our martyrs passed before my eyes—I heard the millions of my native land once more shouting Liberty or Death!*" The reader may have seen these words before; but where is the man that will hesitate to read them again and again? and where, in the whole range of oratory, ancient or modern, will a more striking, a more affecting, and a more overwhelming effort be found? We have looked in vain for a parallel.

Our volume on Hungary and Kossuth, we are informed by the publisher—Mr. Ball—is selling rapidly. A second edition, much larger than the first, is being printed, and orders for nearly the whole edition are already received. It seems that in New York city folks were anxious to see who could get a first copy. For a while there the work sold at the rate of a *thousand a week*.

The lectures by Dr. Durbin—the first on the Signs of the Times, and the second on the Present Condition of Turkey—delivered early this winter in our city, were among the finest of extemporaneous performances. The proceeds of the second lecture were devoted to the liquidation of the debt hanging over the Everett-Street German Mission Methodist Episcopal Church of Cincinnati.

Our stock of long articles, we are under the necessity of repeating, is ample. Brevity is said to be "the soul of wit." Certainly it would now and then give soul to us if we could find it in communications. Readers like long articles occasionally, but they do not like them as a perpetual thing. An article, we confess, may be brief, and yet be wholly destitute of terseness. When an article is short, let it also be vivacious and captivating.

A lady friend inquires of us why we do not furnish a "Sermon to Young Husbands," as a sort of counterpart to the "Sermon for Young Wives" in our last number. Most cordially would we publish such a discourse, could some of our fair readers find time to fix one up, and send it in. Young men, and particularly young men who are husbands, stand just as much in need of good sound counsel, if not more so, than young ladies. They frequently need checks to their temper and to their purse-strings; and we know of none who could deal out these checks better than some young wife, well furnished with moderation and amiable Christian temper. In our judgment, all husbands, old as well as young, ought to be well behaved at home. By this we mean that they should not dispose of all their smiles and all their sweet looks when among strangers, but should treasure up a full supply

of kind words and pleasant looks for the home circle. Nobody likes a smile more than a wife from her husband—just one smile: it is worth forty frowns, and will act like magic on the domestic circle. Ye who are husbands—for we must add a word of exhortation—learn this first great lesson of your married life—be kind and cheerful at home, love your wife, keep your soul from fretting, and lend your heart of sympathy and your hand of help in all the trials that come upon her, who has left every thing to make you happy.

The appearance of a volume of poems by Mrs. Rebecca B. Nichols, our welcome and talented contributor, has created quite a sensation in literary circles. We have nothing of flattery in the remark, that Mrs. Nichols ranks among the first of American poetical writers. She is better known, of course, in the west, her place of residence; but wherever known her talents are acknowledged and appreciated. Songs of the Heart and the Hearth-Stone is the title given her collection of poems, and a most appropriate title it is. Whoever wishes to treat himself or any female friend with a real literary gem, could not do better than purchase this work. We may again allude to it hereafter.

Our plates, we think, must give satisfaction. "Perished in the Snow" will probably awaken sad incidents and associations in the heart of some reader; yet death by freezing is not the most painful process of dissolution. Stupor, sleep, total insensibility come gradually on, and the victim dies without apparently any suffering. Sit you, reader, before a bright and glowing fire? Think, as the wind comes hunting, like a famished wolf, for entrance around your dwelling, of the traveler on the plain or in the forest, or of the sailor far out on the sea, rattling and climbing among the shrouds, or keeping watch on the vessel's deck. The hour for retiring comes. Your toils are over for the day, and, without a thought of anxiety or an emotion of concern for others, may be, you throw yourself upon your bed, and seek, in dreams, an oblivion of all the sorrows of this life. Think of the wretched. Turn your eye and your ear without. Listen if you can not catch some sound, though faintly, of distress. Think of your lot, better than that of thousands, and then thank Him who is your kind Father in heaven, that the lines have fallen to you in such pleasant places.

We have had it in our mind a long while to say something of the Young Men's Mercantile Library and Reading Room of this city. The rooms are in the College Building, Walnut-street, east side, just above Fourth. Resident young men should by all means avail themselves of a membership in this association, and devote such moments as they can spare from business to reading the books, periodicals, and newspapers found here. Strangers visiting the city should likewise give the Library rooms a call. They can be introduced by any friend who is a member of the Association. The Librarian—Mr. Cist—and all the other officers are most attentive and gentlemanly. We are under great obligations to them for their many civilities tendered us.

Very gratifying is it for us to be able to state that our friends, east and west, are not forgetting the interests of the Repository. Subscribers are pouring in from all quarters. At the present writing—the holidays—we have a larger number on our books than for the same period last year. And this notwithstanding the rule adopted by the Agents requiring payment strictly in advance. Brother Filcher, of Michigan, as a beginning in his efforts, sends us twenty-seven names for the new year. He has our thanks for his efforts. We hope he may even yet have more abundant success.

Our correspondent who sends us a letter criticising a brother preacher, will be so kind as to excuse our publishing his remarks. Polemics, or any leaning toward polemics, in our columns, would prove unacceptable, we think, to the vast majority of our readers. Personal difficulties and peculiarities are much easier mended by personal interviews than by bringing them before the public, who generally are much better pleased with an ignorance of them than a parading of them before their view.

The Methodist Monthly, a sprightly periodical, edited by Rev. T. N. Ralston, Lexington, Ky., has closed its career, at the decision of the Publishing Committee.

Salander and the Dragon, an allegory not inferior to Bunyan's immortal work, shall be noticed in our next.

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DESIGNED BY J. G. WILSON. ENGRAVED BY J. G. WILSON.

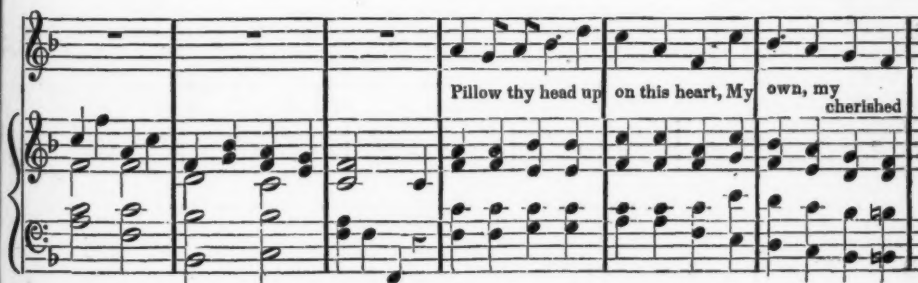
THE HOLLANDERS
ON THE WALLAH





O My Wife.

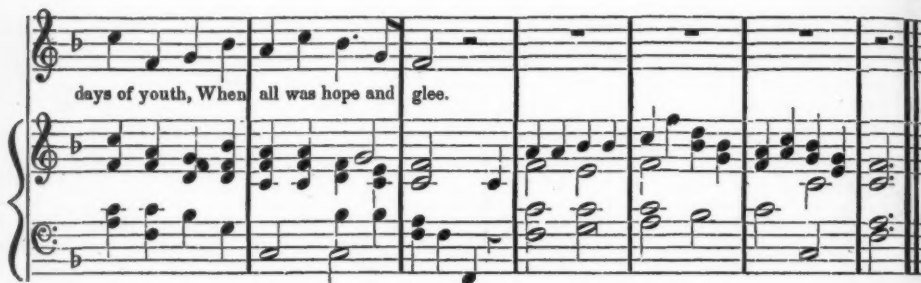
Mus. by Fr. WENZEL, Steinbrecher.



TO MY WIFE.—*Continued.*

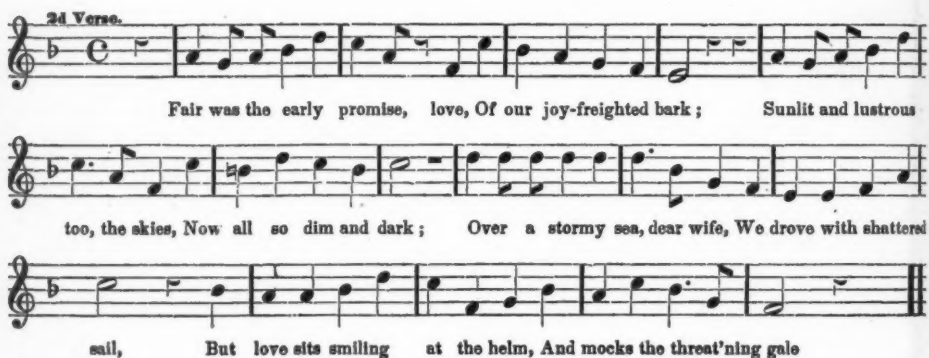


let me kiss thy tears away, And bid remembrance flee Back to the halcyon



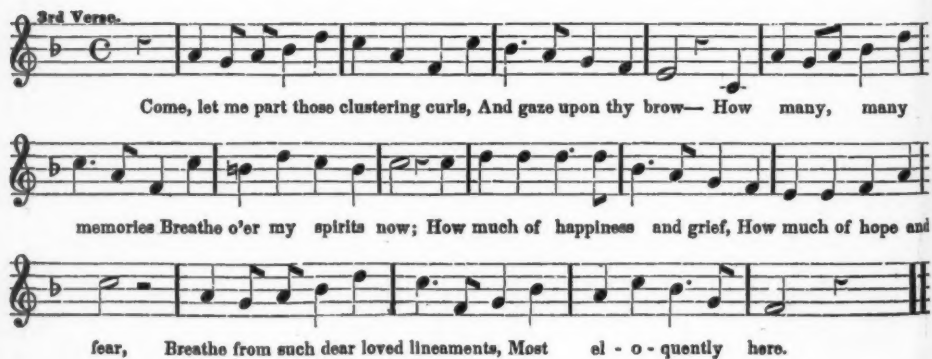
days of youth, When all was hope and glee.

2d Verse.



Fair was the early promise, love, Of our joy-freighted bark; Sunlit and lustrous
too, the skies, Now all so dim and dark; Over a stormy sea, dear wife, We drove with shattered
sail, But love sits smiling at the helm, And mocks the threat'ning gale

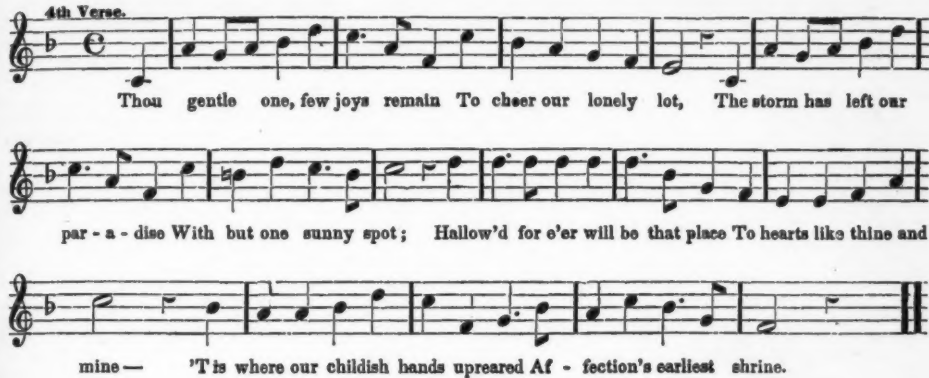
3rd Verse.



Come, let me part those clustering curls, And gaze upon thy brow— How many, many
memories Breathe o'er my spirits now; How much of happiness and grief, How much of hope and
fear, Breathe from such dear loved lineaments, Most eloquently here.

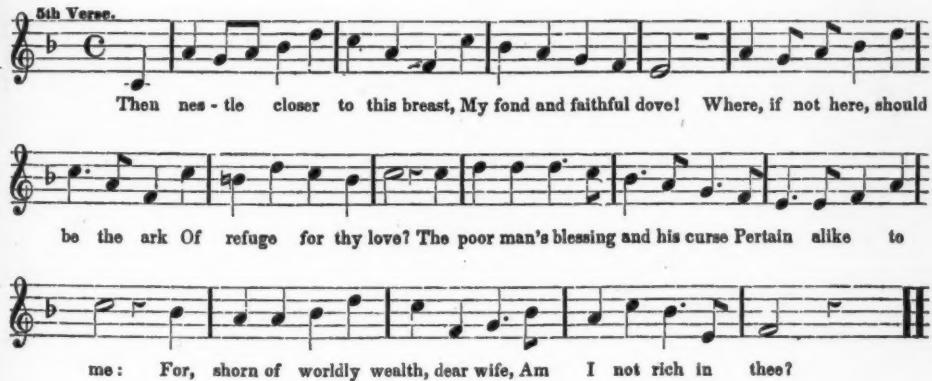
TO MY WIFE.—*Continued.*

4th Verse.



Thou gentle one, few joys remain To cheer our lonely lot, The storm has left our
par - a - dise With but one sunny spot; Hallow'd for e'er will be that place To hearts like thine and
mine — 'Tis where our childish hands upreared Af - fection's earliest shrine.

5th Verse.



Then nes - tie closer to this breast, My fond and faithful dove! Where, if not here, should
be the ark Of refuge for thy love? The poor man's blessing and his curse Pertain alike to
me: For, shorn of worldly wealth, dear wife, Am I not rich in thee?